

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

NORWAY'S NEW KING.



Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, whom the Norwegian Storting, by 87 votes to 29, have resolved to ask to govern Norway on condition that the people uphold their resolution.—(Downey.)

THE GLADSTONE STATUE.



TWO YEARS OLD.



The *Daily Mirror's* birthday. Facsimile of our first number's front page. It was then a paper for women, and was not successful. Now it is a paper for everybody, and is successful.



On November 4 this striking national memorial to Mr. Gladstone is to be unveiled in the Strand by Mr. John Morley. In the centre is the figure of Mr. Gladstone, flanked on either side by two of the four symbolical groups which are placed round it. The group on the left represents "Aspiration," and the group on the right "Courage."

It is the work of that eminent sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.

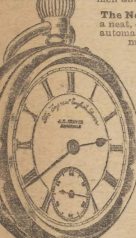
J. G. GRAVES' 'EXPRESS' AND A CYCLIST



Mr. L. HANCOCK, Brockley, Kent, writes:—"I may say I am perfectly satisfied with the watch, it has kept time most accurately, considering it has been shaken about on a bicycle day after day."

THE 'EXPRESS' (Tressa Mark)

No. 1, Keywind, for hard wear. No. 2, Keyless, as per illustration for business men and light occupations.



The No. 2 Keyless 'Express' is a neat, compact watch fitted with automatic keyless spring movement fully jewelled, frequency hairspring, compensating chromometer balance, sterling silver or shell marked cases, and all the most modern improvements.

In order to secure extra lightness and compactness this watch is not fitted with removable case, which it does not require, being dust and damp proof and anti-magnetic.

Sent only 5/- as deposit, and the watch will be sent for free test and examination. If you are not satisfied, send it back, and your 5/- will be instantly refunded. If satisfactory, you can either complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 2/-, or in one sum with discount advantages. I take full responsibility, and, in addition to refunding your deposit in full, will pay the return postage if within seven days you are not completely satisfied.

NOTE: The 'Express' can be supplied with engine turned cases, or left plain for monogram, also with or without name on dial.

AGENTS WANTED. Good Commission. No Risk. J. G. GRAVES, 126 SHEFFIELD.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.

Charles Dickens' OLIVER TWIST. Dramatised by J. Conyns Carr. Fagin.....MR. TREE. Nancy.....Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.45.

THE PERFECT LOVER. By Alfred Sutro. At 8.15, MR. CHARLES LAMONT, Prestidigitator. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. AND MRS. KENDAL. Sole Lessee and Manager Mr. George Alexander. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

A FAREE by Metcalfe Wood and Beatrice Heron-Maxwell. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, THOMAS W. RILEY. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER & Company at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF BERICHO. By Alfred Sutro. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

WALDORF THEATRE.—"LIGHTS OUT." TO-NIGHT, at 8.45. "LIGHTS OUT."

H. V. EDMOND. CHARLES FULTON. HENRY VIRART. Miss EVA MOORE.

Preceded, at 8.15, by LA MAIN. Mime-drama, in one act. Miss CAMILLA DALBERG.

MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.15. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2,330. GERRARD. NOTE.—PIT and GALLERY UNRESERVED.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. TO-NIGHT, 8.15. PERFORMANCES DAILY at 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 5 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

PRICES: Front 2/-, 1st 1/-, 2nd 6d., and 3rd 4d. Family, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Stalls, 5s. 4s. 3s. and 2s. Telephone 7599 GERRARD. Grand Tier, 1/-, Balcony, 6d. Telephone 7599 GERRARD. Children under twelve half-price. To all Families and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

MOROCCO, CANARY ISLANDS, and MADEIRA.

UNIQUE SEA VOYAGE of 24 days, sailing from London EVERY THURSDAY. 20 to 24 days. Illustrated handbook "B" gratis from FORBUD BROS. and CO., 108, St. Mary-ave. E.C. or from the office of Messrs. TUDOR COOK and SONS.



"It's so very simple and easy to please a man's palate that no housewife should worry about it. Just give them what they like. And they do like the flavour and piquancy of 'E-D-S.' in their food. Good cooks speak good words for 'E-D-S.' It is a first-class flavouring for a hash, soup, or almost any other dish, while alone it is a very appetizing, strengthening soup, prepared under pleasantest conditions. 'E-D-S.' prevents waste."

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

Of all Grocers, Cornchandler, etc., in Penny Packets and in 4½lb., 8lb. and 1½ Tins.

REGD.

A SEVERE COLD

CAUSED PLEURISY and CONGESTION of LUNGS. AT DEATH'S DOOR; CURED BY

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Mrs. H. ROLLINS, 55, TRENTHAM ST., South Fields, WANDSWORTH, writes:—

June 30th, 1905.



THE MASTERS ROLLINS (from Photo).

ALL CHILDREN

suffering from Whooping Cough, Croup, or Colds, should be given VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE; perfectly safe for infants.

ALL ADULTS

suffering from Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Blood-spitting, Weak Chest, Catarrh, or Chronic Coughs, will find in VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE every-

thing that a remedy should be—a veritable lightning cure. This famous medicine has lately been awarded the "Science Sittings" award of merit, and is admitted by expert analysts to be the most successful remedy of its kind ever placed upon the market.

Regular Sizes, AT CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE.

9½d. Trial Bottle.

1½ and 2/9.

STORES EVERYWHERE.



CYKLONETTE

The Most Luxuriant Two-Seater Car.

UNION CABLE Co., Ltd.,

23, COLLEGE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Agents Wanted.

PERSONAL.

GRATEFUL.—Understood. Meet . . . Friday, 7.30. CLAY Idol.—Decline to see you. Suffering. Exit adventures.

MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where English-speaking persons is to be found. Specimen card and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 4, Cannon Row, London, E.C.

* * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of nine words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGERS," 10, OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, 5 and 8. Prices from 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 4138 GERRARD. "Jumbo Junior." Society's latest job. "At Home" daily.

MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES (late Maskelyne and Cooke), St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—Daily at 3 and 8. Enormous success of "The Mascot Moth," "The Enchanted Hive," and other new features. Prices 1s. to 5s.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W. TO-DAY at 3. DAILY at 8. WEST'S GRAND ANIMATOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT. OUR NAVY AND ARMY. MAGNIFICENT NEW PROGRAMME. Our Navy 100 years ago to-day. Our Army past and present. Seats 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s. booked at Polytechnic and Agents.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Sunday 10 to 3), at the rate of 12 words for 1s. 6d. (11d. each word afterwards, except for SITUATIONS WANTED, for which the rate is 1s. for 12 words, and 1d. PER WORD AFTER. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDER, CROSSED COVERS AND CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Office, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded to SUFFICIENT STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE MUST BE SENT WITH THE ADVERTISEMENT.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A Genuine Home Employment.—Trusting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20), 17, Ranelagh-ave, Fulham.

AGENTS wanted (either sex) throughout the United Kingdom for Jewellery, splendid commission; stamped envelopes for reply.—Curis, 62, Penton-st., London, N.

AGENTS wanted private Christmas Cards; splendid commission.—Lotters, Publishers, 79, Penge-rd, South Norwood.

AMBITION Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus 5d. by return.—Barratt, Liverpool, and 235 Deansgate, Manchester.

FIVE Pounds per week earned by advertisement writers.—We teach you the profession and help you to a position; list of employed graduates and prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Co. (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st., London, W.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address, with particulars of spare-time agency.—Dept. Z, 89, Aldersgate-st., London.

SMART business man wanted; trustworthy; not afraid of work; outdoor employment; liberal commission; splendid opening for man with energy willing to improve his position.—Write Z. Z, 1267, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. E.C.

WANTED at all seaside and holiday resorts local canvassing agents for a Resort Guide with a big circulation; good commission given; must have satisfactory references.—Write 1889, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. E.C.

HAVE YOU A HOUSE

To Let or Sell? Hundreds or pounds' worth of property changes hands daily through Small Advertisements in the "Daily Mirror." — Try one.

TSAR STILL TRUSTS TO FORCE.

Bayonets and Sabres Follow
the Magna Charta.

PANIC IN ODESSA.

Over 100 Killed in Free Fights with
Revolvers.

GRAVE SITUATION.

Today's telegrams furnish abundant testimony that the view taken of the Russian situation in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* was correct. Unlike other papers, which regarded the disorders following the grant of a Magna Charta as mere ebullitions of enthusiasm, we pointed out that the crisis was not yet over, and that it might possibly prove that the autocrat's concessions had come too late.

Yesterday an orgy of bloodshed showed that this pessimism was thoroughly justified. There was desperate fighting in the streets of St. Petersburg between the "Reds" and the "Whites"—those who follow the revolutionary flag and those who are content with the fair promises of reform. The Cossacks joined in the disturbances, and many people were slain or wounded.

At Odessa the situation is still more terrible. The telegrams from that unhappy city are significantly incoherent, and the whole truth of what is happening cannot be gathered. But it seems clear that the rowdy elements have been instigated by the police to riot, and so give the opportunity for a massacre. Hundreds of people have been shot down, and the whole city is a hell of tumult and slaughter.

In Warsaw, Kieff, and other centres also the bayonet and the bullet are the only law.

For, then, is again in the ascendant, and the smooth words of the Tsar's edict are, for the moment at least, belied. If anything can turn riots into a revolution, it is the weak vacillation of the Tsar. Already it is believed that he is being persuaded by the reactionary element, whom he fears at least as much as the people, to abandon the pledges forced from him on Monday.

If he does, the nation's rage may overwhelm him; if he does not, he may be the victim of an official conspiracy. Since Louis XVI. no more terrible situation has been occupied by so weak a monarch.

THE SWORD IN THE CAPITAL

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Despite the new Magna Charta, the Cossack, with his whip, carbine, and sabre, still represents the Tsar's Government.

Some people say that the dictator, Trepoff, has resigned. The best answer to this is a proclamation by him that "any disturbances will be suppressed by the most vigorous means"—that is, by Cossacks.

There were thousands of these troops about the city streets today, and their services were wanted. Bands of "Reds" and "Whites"—Malcontents and "Contents"—came into conflict at every point, using revolvers in many instances.

The Cossacks broke up these warring bands in the usual manner, using their swords in many instances, at other times lashing the people with their ferocious whips.

One meeting, 20,000 strong, at the university, was ridden down, and two people were killed and twenty severely injured.

In one of the affairs of "Reds" and "Whites"—the "Whites" in this case being employees of the famous Putiloff works—many men were seriously injured and were seen streaming with blood.

It is quite evident that the mass of the men affected with revolutionary ideas do not accept the Tsar's concessions as sincere. They say they will hold out till a general amnesty for political offences is declared, till the soldiers are withdrawn, and a militia is established.

It is thought that the Tsar is now veering round to repression by force, and massacres surpassing those of last January are expected if the strikers continue to riot.

One grave symptom is the discontent of the army. They are so gravely infected with contempt for the present vacillating regime that a military conspiracy, with a view to setting up some general as a dictator, is thought not impossible. Only the Guards still retain a feeling of personal loyalty to the Tsar.

M. Pobedonosteff, the reactionary Procurator of the Holy Synod, and one of the best-hated men in Russia, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted with many marks of grace.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday, 8.25 p.m.—A crowd gathered outside the Kazan Cathedral and

held meetings at different spots, where political speeches were delivered and red flags displayed.

The gendarmes repeatedly charged down the Nevsky Prospekt, using their swords freely, and dispersing the crowd. Many of the demonstrators were wounded.

The crowd, however, reassembled after each charge, and continued to demonstrate, shouting "Freedom!"—Reuter.

TREPOFF THE MASTER.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—Count Witte and General Trepoff are now open enemies, and this disagreement will doubtless cause unpleasant surprises so long as General Trepoff remains in power. The troops and police are now executing his orders. The Cossacks are saluting people without the least provocation.

Professor Tansle is suffering from a severe sabre cut on the head.

Orators are now exclaiming in the streets: "The Tsar has promised us liberty, but it is only guile. They are continuing to massacre us."—Exchange.

ATTACK ON THE GAOLS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—At Kazan, Kishineff, and Poltava conflicts have occurred between demonstrators and the troops, who fired on the crowds.

At Poltava and Bialystok crowds attempted to break into the gaols, with the result that rioters were killed and wounded at both places.—Reuter.

PEACEFUL MEN ATTACKED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The latest advice to hand show that the conflict at Poltava was due to aggression of the Cossacks and infantry, who charged the peaceful crowd which was celebrating the imperial manifesto. Many persons were killed and injured. A similar incident occurred at Kishineff, where the troops fired and the police used nagaiaks.

At Dorpat street demonstrations have been broken up with rifle-fire.—Reuter.

100 KILLED AT ODESSA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Wednesday.—Up to eight o'clock yesterday evening thirty-seven persons had been killed in the fighting in Danitskaya-street, and eighty-one seriously wounded had been taken to hospitals. The fighting between Cossacks and students still continues.—Reuter.

ODESSA, Wednesday.—The city is in a state of extraordinary tumult. The dismissed members of the police are suspected to have instigated bands of rough characters to stir up disturbances, and the state of affairs beggars description.

Shots are heard in every street, and it is said that over a hundred people have been killed.

The Governor, General Kaulbars, who took a distinguished part in the Japanese war, seems quite unable to check the rioters, who are plundering the houses of quiet citizens.

Bands of students oppose them, and empty their revolvers into the mobs. All private houses are barricaded.

A wholesale massacre of the Jews is expected.

BAYONET CHARGES.

WARSAW, Wednesday.—Business is at a complete standstill here, even the chemists having closed their shops. The streets and squares are full of soldiers.

The people have made several attempts to organise street meetings, but were dispersed each time by bayonet charges. A remarkable feature of the situation is that the authorities are ignoring the Tsar's manifesto.—Reuter.

WARSAW, Wednesday, 7 p.m.—An immense procession, composed of at least 100,000 persons, marched through the principal streets this afternoon shouting and carrying red flags and singing revolutionary songs.

Halts were made at many cross-roads, where revolutionary speeches were delivered. In Vienna-street some workmen fired revolvers at an infantry patrol. Three of the patrol were wounded, and the rest fled.

A crowd was fired into by a detachment of infantry in Marszalkowska-street, two persons being wounded.—Reuter.

TROOPS THROW DOWN ARMS.

WARSAW, Wednesday, 8.20 p.m.—The authorities have received orders to issue a proclamation announcing the abrogation of martial law.

Some excitement prevails to-night. A number of soldiers to-day threw down their arms and joined the crowds, singing and shouting.

In all the Roman Catholic churches patriotic sermons have been delivered by the preachers.—Reuter.

TWO KILLED AT MOSCOW.

MOSCOW, Wednesday.—As an immense crowd was marching in procession to the residence of the Governor-General to demand the release of the political prisoners it encountered a police van conveying prisoners, whom the demonstrators sought to liberate. The police in charge fired, and the demonstrators replied, with the result that two persons were killed and two wounded.—Reuter.

The rumour that the Knaiz Potemkin had been blown up, and that Admirals Birileff and Chukin had perished, is denied.

THE KING AT THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

His Majesty Witnesses a Popular
Victory at Newmarket.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWMARKET, Wednesday.—The King was amused to-day at the volley of Irish cheers when Velocity won in the great race for the Cambridgeshire. Indeed, there was much more than Irish in the cheering, for the general crowd seemed to have thrown in their fortunes with the winner.

The weather was threatening, but little rain fell, and there were occasional gleams of sunshine. His Majesty, in a waterproof cloak, and smoking a long cigar, watched the inspiring contest from the sloped floor of the enclosure, where also Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Wolverton took their places.

Sir Edgar Vincent, keen on seeing Donnetta, had no need to go on the stand, as he is one of the tallest men in the Jockey Club circle.

The fair owner of Velocity, Mrs. Jackson, was in a violet costume with a white bow, and wore a bunch of violets clasped with a diamond pin. Her racing colours, by the way, are violet and white. She did not leave the paddock, and saw little of the actual race.

This lady, now so prominent in racing circles at the other side of the Channel, is a very rich American, married to a well-known Irish Turfite.

Mr. L. de Rothschild stood on the most prominent standpoint on the Jockey Club balcony. His representative, Monarda, cut a very moderate figure in the race.

When Velocity reached the historic landmark known as the Bushes and threw clear away from his seventeen opponents, his success was heralded by tumultuous yells.

The most dangerous of his antagonists sprang from an unexpected quarter, as Mr. Buchanan's Santry and Mr. J. B. Joel's Dean Swift rushed up the final ascent; but the effort was fruitless, and we regretted the fact, save the bookmakers, since if either had won these would have netted a small fortune.

BRITISH FLEET'S WELCOME.

American Warships Greet Prince Louis'
Cruiser Squadron at Annapolis.

ANAPOLIS, Wednesday.—The second British Cruiser Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, arrived here to-day.

Eight American battleships of the North Atlantic Fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Evans, welcomed the squadron.

The American Cruiser Squadron, which escorted President Roosevelt from New Orleans, arrived with the British squadron, having accompanied it up Chesapeake Bay. The weather left nothing to be desired.—Reuter.

HEAVY GERMAN LOSSES.

Fifty-four Killed, Wounded, and Missing in
a Fight with Hottentots.

BERLIN, Wednesday.—An official dispatch from German South-West Africa reports severe fighting on the Orange River.

A force commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Semern attacked an entrenched position held by 400 Hottentots. The latter fought with great stubbornness, and made good their retreat at dusk.

The Germans lost eighteen killed, including three officers, and thirty-six wounded and missing.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Lord Brampton was stronger yesterday, and Lord Currie's condition last night was satisfactory.

King Alfonso will leave Hendaye, on the Spanish frontier, by the Paris express to-morrow morning, en route for Berlin.

Lord Curzon's visit to Delhi, to which great importance was attached, has been abandoned, as he is still suffering from fever and confined to bed.

Suffering from the effects of a rough passage across the Atlantic, the Duchess of Marlborough was unable to open a bazaar at Woodford yesterday.

Wreaths intertwined with the French colours were yesterday laid on the graves at Brest of the men who lost their lives in the disaster to the submarine Farfadet and the British victims of the Drummond Castle.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Barely to variable gusty winds; unsettled and rainy; rather cold.

Lighting-up time: 5.30 p.m.
Sea passages will be rather rough generally.

"DAILY MIRROR" IS TWO YEARS OLD

Interesting Facts About the Paper
with the Second Largest
Circulation.

GROWTH OF A BIG IDE

The *Daily Mirror* is two years old to-day, and is the most successful daily newspaper ever published.

The first number was issued on November 1903. The price was one penny, and it gave news in tabloid form. It was intended as a newspaper for women. Women, however, found they did not want a newspaper specially devoted to their interests, and the circulation fell rapidly.

It is the usual thing when a periodical is not successful for it to linger on indefinitely. The owners generally remain more or less impressed with the idea that he had when he started it. He believes like Mr. Micawber, that something will turn a proof of the strength of a proprietor's reluctance to acknowledge a mistake is shown by a number of moribund newspapers and publications which linger on the scene. They would not be wretched if they died, nor would they be honoured or sun-bathed if they still go on, dragging out a painful existence, refusing to succeed, and declining to ex-

STARTLING INNOVATION.

The *Daily Mirror*, however, had too much blood in it to allow it to remain a failure.

At the beginning of last year the entire *Mirror* was reorganised. The price was lowered to a penny, and it was changed into a daily newspaper, the first effective attempt of the kind. The task which the *Daily Mirror* undertook, a huge one. It involved a complete departure from the time-honoured (and, as we believe, foolish) methods of Fleet-street. It involved the training of a corps of camera-reporters, the establishment of a rapid-working engraving plant, improvement in half-tone stereotyping, and last, but by no means least, the huge work of teaching quick machines to print half-tone photographs—a task they did not like to learn.

Our primary idea is that the public want photographs of news events. They like word-pictures of big happenings, but they like much better description of an event that a camera gives, and that the *Daily Mirror* reproduces in its pages.

UP-TO-DATE METHODS.

The *Daily Mirror* photographers are everywhere. They do wonders with the snaps. They are the best men money can procure.

Less than a year ago the *Daily Mirror* had more into quarters twice as large as those previously occupied. It discarded all its old machinery and is now operating with printing-machines specially designed and built for it. Its dark room, photographic departments, and engraving plant, as well as its printing-machine rooms, are the most effective and up to date in the world.

The *Daily Mirror* enters with this issue of third year. It promises its readers new and proved methods and better photographs and printing in the future than in the past. Its photographers will scour the world for the newest most up-to-date topics.

TRIBUTES TO SUCCESS.

We recently dispatched to India one of our experienced staff photographers, who will accompany the Prince of Wales during his tour. We understand that he is the only camera correspondent specially sent out from England. We believe other photographers specially placed where news is likely to happen.

Among the tributes to the success of the *Daily Mirror* are the attempts to imitate it. These, the weak and ineffective, show that competitors realise the great value of good news illustrations.

That they cannot compete with the *Daily Mirror* on this ground, however, anyone (including even themselves) can readily see. The reasons are: (1) they are not as quick; (2) they are not as good; (3) they lack of capital; (4) lack of machinery; (5) lack of technical ability; (6) lack of experience; (7) sense of initiative; (8) appreciation of the fact that the *Daily Mirror* is unique and cannot be imitated. Competitors may try to copy our methods, they cannot copy our minds. A. I.

MR. ROOSEVELT BADLY CUT.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—It has only now been learned that when the Magnolia collided with the Spanish, Mr. Roosevelt was thrown bodily through a window, so that his head and shoulders went through the glass, and he was badly cut.—Laf.

CHINESE ATTACK A MINER'S W

JOHANNESBURG, Wednesday.—Six Chinese have made an attack on a miner's house at Benoni. It is believed to have been the outcome of a sonal spite against the occupant, whose wife slightly wounded on the forehead with a razor.—Reuter.

500 A WEEK THROWN AWAY.

L.C.C. Steamer Devoted to the
Use of Three Passengers.

RIVER HERMITAGE.

was raining, and the Surrey shore was barely visible as at five minutes to one yesterday afternoon a solitary individual picked his way carefully along the slippery wooden gangway to Blackfriars London County Council Steamboat Pier and surrounded the man at the ticket office by asking for a ticket to Westminster.

The booking clerk regarded with frank curiosity this adventurous voyager, who was instantly aware of the novelty of his situation—he was the only passenger on the pier. Once or twice the face of a attendant could be seen at the window, its owner evidently wondering at the solitary traveller's ill-hood.

and the latter felt grateful at the restraint of his voyagers, who would have almost been justified in ringing a battery of field-glasses and telescopes upon so rare a spectacle.

After three minutes past one an upward-bound boat arrived. No one disembarked, and the solitary voyager promptly stepped on board.

Outnumber Passengers.

For him this levithian of the river had stopped with swift courtesy. For him the crew, aided by the man on the pier, had made the vessel fast, placed the gangway in position, and started the engines. The voyager was no longer a solitary passenger. There were two companions in adversity, dispersed after prolonged search in a corner of the deck saloon.

On deck the seals were wet, the boards slippery, and the canvas of the boats dripping. There was nothing to see save the bridges and embankments dimly through the mist, and the screaming gulls.

If the boats had metal roofs and wind-shields the bows instead of the dripping canvas awnings, and had deep cabins instead of the dismal engineering recess which is supposed to be the cabin of the river boat.

The crew outnumbered the passengers. There were the captain, three deck hands, three in the engine-room, and one waiter in the refreshment room. For part of the journey there were but three passengers.

Solitary Passenger's Secret.

One of the passengers on arrival at Westminster disembarked and waited for a return boat. He produced a packet of sandwiches, and confided to the *Daily Mirror* that since the steamers lost their passenger traffic he had made a practice of eating lunch on board them.

"I take a return ticket to Westminster," he said, "and get plenty of fresh air. It's better than sitting on the Embankment and eating."

But the County Council will lose this customer when the cold weather comes, for he declared his intention of forsaking the open-air lunch habit.

The steamboat service costs the ratepayers about £500 weekly at present, so that it would actually be cheaper for the London County Council to suspend it and provide luxurious motor-cars for the passengers, charging them steamboat fares.

RATEPAYERS SWINDLED.

Philadelphia Municipality Alleged To Have
Been Defrauded of £1,270,000.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday.—Reports just presented to the Mayor of Philadelphia by two well-known engineering experts show that the town has been defrauded of just on £1,270,000 in connection with its improvement schemes.

And an even more startling feature of the report is the statement that owing to delay in completing the filtration plant in connection with these schemes 200 people have died of typhoid fever.

The reports state that for work worth only £2,500,000 the city has paid £3,770,000. This was made possible, the experts say, by the city officials allowing fair competition between contractors. The members of the contracting firms who are charged with receiving this money are State senators, city "bosses," and prominent Republicans.

NOT THE CORRECT THING NOWADAYS.

In finding a well-dressed man five shillings for getting drunk and disorderly at Brixton, Mr. Horace Smith, at Lambeth yesterday, remarked: "It is not the correct thing nowadays to get drunk. Gentlemen don't do such things now, I am glad to hear."

ANGRY FOOTBALLER.

Well-Known Player Seeks Damages for
Outspoken Comments.

The Glasgow Courts are engaged upon a lawsuit which is likely to throw instructive light upon the ethics of football criticism.

James Quinn, who is well known as a footballer in Scotland, is suing the "Glasgow Evening News" for £500 in respect of "injury to feelings and reputation" caused by criticism of his conduct on the football field.

The match in which the incidents occurred that led to the newspaper comments was played last March between Quinn's club, the Celtic, and the Rangers, another club in the first division of the Scottish League.

The particular match was the semi-final of the Scottish Cup, in which Quinn was ordered off the field by the referee for kicking Craig, one of the Rangers' backs.

The crowd subsequently broke into the field of play, and the tie was abandoned.

The newspaper account on which Quinn bases his action for libel stated that he had "savagely kicked Craig, and stamped brutally on his face."

NOVEMBER'S FURY.

Tale of Havoc from the South Coast, While
London Has a Dismal Day.

November has already justified apprehensions that in a year when the winter practically began in the middle of October it would be a month to be dreaded even more than usual.

London streets were chilly and cheerless yesterday, rain and gloom appearing as the precursors of the "particulars" for which the month has a depressing reputation; but it was on the South Coast that the elements showed themselves in most angry mood.

Dover sent a tale of shipping disasters and mishaps caused by a furious gale.

The Liverpool steamer *Burbo Bank* sank the schooner *Vigilante*, but the crew were saved; the Dunkirk fishing-smack *Colibri* foundered with three men; the new barque *Lafayette*, which left Dunkirk on her maiden voyage with a crew of twenty-four, has been given up as lost; the steamer *Lizzie*, of Helsingborg, was brought in damaged in a collision; and the destroyer *Falcon* had to take shelter, having been making water rapidly.

The Hastings parade was badly damaged; a length of coping was washed away at St. Leonards, and damage has been done to the sea-wall at Brighton.

HUMAN BANK.

Witness in Forgery Case Tells of an Un-
expected Storage Place for Notes.

Singular stories were told at the Westminster Police Court yesterday during the hearing of charges of forgery and fraud, arising out of the cashing of a forged cheque for £519, against Talbot, Bridgewater, Lionel P. Holmes, W. E. Shackell, and Elizabeth Foster.

A Tottenham Court-road photographer named Scannell said that Shackell, to whom he had made some small loans, one day asked him to cash a "five." Surprised that the other should have so much money, he asked, "Have you any more?" For answer Shackell pulled up the leg of his trousers, with a "Look!" A number of notes were tucked under his sock.

"You are a regular mint," commented Scannell. An assistant cashier said that Elizabeth Foster cashed notes to the value of £350 at a Paris bank. Asked how he identified her, he said, amidst laughter, that "she was not pretty."

END OF "JOLLY TIME."

Essex Man's Tragic and Mysterious Death
While Holiday-Making.

St. Heliers, Jersey, has just been the scene of a painful tragedy.

Only on Thursday last John Jennings, a young man, of 39, Clova-road, Forest Gate, arrived at the island. Yesterday morning he was found shot dead at the end of Albert Pier, holding a revolver in one hand and a walking-stick in the other.

At the inquest it was stated that on October 8 he had withdrawn £40 from the bank, and £12 of this was found on him. Postcards were also found addressed to a brother and a sister, on which he said he was having a jolly time, and was going to Paris, and would return home in ten days.

The inquiry was adjourned for the attendance of the relatives.

LORD ROSEBERRY AT AN INQUEST.

Lord Rosebery, an occupant of the car, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the owner, will attend the inquest at half-past three o'clock today, at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court, on Miss Fanny Brown, who was run over and fatally injured by a motor-car.

MR. SHAW, SCAPEGOAT.

Tammany Uses Him in Order To
Twist British Lion's Tail.

SECRET OF 'MRS. WARREN.'

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The suppression by Tammany Hall of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has been attributed to the outbreak of puritanical fever in the municipal government; but, as a matter of fact, the whole thing is a piece of ludicrous "pothouse" local politics, intended to influence next week's New York election.

Just before each election Tammany Hall, which usually gets the Irish-American vote, arranges some anti-English demonstration in order to consolidate its Irish cohorts and give them a strong reason for voting the Tammany ticket.

Eye-glass Englishman.

The attack on Mr. Shaw is intended as a piece of tail-twisting practiced on the British Lion, a move against English feudalism and monarchical institutions, which are supposed to be typified by the eccentric playright.

Mr. Shaw, strange to relate, is regarded by the Irish-Americans of the vociferous type as a representative of English social degeneracy, the sort of Englishman of the single-eye-glass brand, who sneers at social life in the great Republic.

Tammany, which is as ignorant as it is corrupt, has been unable to arrange a dramatic snub to the British Fleet in time to affect the election, because the Fleet does not arrive in time. The idea of the Tammany police being rude to the British Admiral had occurred to the managers of the campaign, as a sop to the more ignorant Irish voters; but it cannot be done. So Mr. Shaw and his play are being exploited instead.

The Real Mr. Shaw.

The notion of Tammany Hall standing up for purity and morality strikes those who know local politics as particularly comical, in view of the fact that under the Croker regime a perfect and elaborate system was arranged, and is still in force, under which every form of vice and many forms of crime enjoy immunity from prosecution on payment of blackmail, aggregating some millions of dollars annually.

It is certain that the moral demerits of the Shaw play, great as the critics say they are, have had nothing whatever to do with the attitude of the police.

The local friends of Ireland have suddenly discovered that Mr. Shaw is an Irishman, something of an Anarchist, and a thoroughly unconventional person with long hair, who objects to wearing evening clothes. So they are preparing to turn the tables on Tammany by denouncing the attack on Shaw as "another outrage on poor old Ireland."

MR. SHAW REPLIES.

Is Proud of His Play and Says the Police
Protect Dangerous Interests.

In an interview with the London correspondent of the New York "Sun," Mr. Shaw, according to Laffan, is reported to have said: "I have a certain reputation in the world which will not be altered by Mr. McAdoo's (the chief commissioner of police) conviction that I am a blackguard."

"I am extremely proud of having written the play. It has made me more friends than any other work of mine, especially among serious women. It will make me friends of the same stamp in America; and these friends will keep steadily pressing the two questions: Are the facts exposed in 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' denied? If not, in whose interest are they suppressed?"

"It will be seen that the police, no doubt with the best intentions, are protecting, not public morality, but the interests of the most dangerous class—namely, the employers who pay women less than subsistence wages."

"Naturally they raise a clamour of immorality and disgusting dialogue; but in the end the public conscience of America, at present a hasty, unintelligent, easily-duped force, will get educated and go over them like a steam-roller with an effective factory code."

"For my own part, I should prefer a jury of public-spirited women with experience of rescue work and slum life to any other jury whatever. They know how society makes vice by refusing to pay virtue decently."

WORKERS BURIED IN DEBRIS.

Tons of tiles collapsed in the Rhodes Tile Factory, Burslem, yesterday, dragging down part of the building, and burying some workers in the debris. One woman was killed and two other workers were seriously injured.

In a divorce action before the President yesterday, it was stated that the wife, who was accused of misconduct, was the mother of sixteen children.

"SANGER'S CIRCUS" GONE.

"Lord" George's Humorous Saillies
While His Animals Are Sold.

"Lord" George Sanger's circus appeared for "positively the last time" yesterday.

Many old friends of the veteran gathered at Finchley for the last day of the sale. There were Mr. William Pinder and Mr. George Ginnett, two of the oldest circus proprietors in England; there, too, was Mr. Fred Ginnett, son of the celebrated circus proprietor of that name, once an owner himself, but now producing circus turns for the music-halls. With them were a host of other ex-proprietors and showmen.

To each and every one "Lord" George, with the inevitable silk hat on his head, had a cheery greeting and a jest. There was much broad humour, too, during the sale, but there was also much underlying pathos.

For this marks the end of practically the last large English touring circus. With the growing popularity of the theatre and music-hall, the demand for such amusements has practically ceased. Most of the men there had already gone out of the business, and they struggled to conceal sad thoughts of the old times with jests.

"Lord" George pathetically begged the bidders "not to offer too much for the animals."

This gentle sarcasm raised a laugh. It followed Angler, a horse which had been bought from Lord Londonderry for £25, being sold for £7 15s. 6d. One by one the well-known animals were knocked down. "Lord" George provided further "comic relief" by telling the crowd to stand back from a performing pony. "If you're not careful he will shake hands with you," said "Lord" George.

The lion and the lamb, now a somewhat ancient sheep, that laid down with him, elephants, and camels, all went for comparatively small prices, and when evening came the people saw the last of "Lord" George Sanger's.

PARADE OF MISERY.

Latest Arrangements for the Women's Unem-
ployed Demonstration.

London is to have the spectacle of women, themselves unemployed or the dependents of the unemployed, demonstrating in its streets on Monday, notwithstanding the Premier's readiness to receive a deputation of the men.

One thousand women from Poplar will assemble on the Embankment, and Edmonton and several other districts will send 300 each.

The Poplar women will be supplied with tea and other refreshments, and the aid of free churches and other organisations is being sought for the providing of refreshments for the others.

Funds are being collected to pay the fares of the women to the central district, and to assemble them all on the Embankment at about the time the Premier is receiving the deputation.

Arrangements are being made for a demonstration on Tuesday, and for one at Marylebone as soon as the West London Theatre is available.

TAXING A "BENEFIT."

Judge Declines To Grant Unusual Application
of Anxious Creditor.

The Judge, at the Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, heard an ex parte application made by Mr. Davis, counsel for Edmund Genere, Banks, of Highgate, a scenic artist, who in April of last year brought an action against John Donald, now manager of the Coliseum, and recovered a judgment and costs to the amount of £116 14s. 8d.

The action was for scenery painted to defendant's order for the New Theatre, St. Martin's-lane, on the production of "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

Of the total amount, said counsel, only £30 had been paid off. A benefit performance was to be given to Mr. Donald at the New Theatre, St. Martin's-lane, and the application was for his Honour to appoint a receiver to receive the proceeds of that benefit, the same to be applied to the discharge of the judgment debt and costs.

Application refused.

GIGANTIC MIDNIGHT SUPPER.

About 1,500 employees of the London United Tramways company, and several M.P.s and mayors, had supper in a great carshed at Chiswick in the early hours of yesterday, when an address was presented to Sir Clifton Robinson, managing director, on the occasion of his receiving a knighthood, and some plate to Lady Robinson.

CRUSADE AGAINST COSTERS.

By the decision of the Worshipful-street magistrate, delivered yesterday, costers will have to desist from carrying on their business in the Bechnal Green road.

ACTOR AND HIS OFFENDED WIFE.

"Edward Cranston" as an Amateur
K.C. in the Divorce Court.

DRAMATIC DUOLOGUE.

Without paying for the privilege, without the bother of booking seats, the Divorce Court was yesterday enabled to witness a theatrical performance played for its especial benefit. The performance took the form of a duologue, with the following cast:—

CHARACTERS.
Mr. Edward Henry Nosotti.....An accused husband
Mrs. Adelaide Emma May Nosotti.....An offended wife

Before the curtain went up counsel had explained that Mr. Nosotti is the gentleman who on the musical stage, where his "sketches" are well known, is called Mr. Edward Cranston. His wife, who has appeared in some of his sketches was bringing a suit for divorce against him.

That he had been unfaithful Mr. Nosotti did not deny, but he repudiated the suggestion that he had been guilty of pinching her violently.

The duologue commenced at the point in the hearing when it came to the turn of Mr. Nosotti, who conducted his own case, to cross-examine his wife.

His Own Counsel.

Mr. Nosotti (rising from his seat at the solicitors' table, on which lies a pile of blue foolscap paper covered with notes): We have been married eleven years?

Mrs. Nosotti (turning her beautiful face towards her husband, and drawing up to its full height her elegantly-arranged figure): Yes, we have.

Mr. Nosotti (with a look of intense earnestness on his pale, clean-cut features): You are two or three years older than I am?

Mrs. Nosotti (her upper lip curling): One year.

Mr. Nosotti (plaintively): You were once very fond of me?

Mrs. Nosotti (scornfully): You say so.

Mr. Nosotti (referring to the foolscap): When we had a flat at Kensington, did you slam the door in my face because I raised my hat to a lady on the stairs?

Mrs. Nosotti (fily): I told you not to raise your hat to women who were not respectable.

Mr. Nosotti: When we were at Gower-street, did you take me by the throat as I lay in bed and tear off my pyjamas? (With intense emotion): Did you tear them to pieces, and in the morning did you say you were sorry, and go out to get me a new pair?

Like Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

Mrs. Nosotti: No, I never had enough money to buy a pair of pyjamas.

Mr. Nosotti (after a pause): Have you not always boasted that you could tell lies as well as anybody? Have you not called yourself the female Charles Hawtrey? Have you not told people that you could look them in the face and tell lies as well as Charles Hawtrey?

Mrs. Nosotti: If I said that of anybody it would be of you.

N.B.—Students of this passage should remember that the reference is to Mr. Charles Hawtrey's skill in dissimulation on the stage.

Mr. Nosotti: Did you come to me in 1904, and ask me who was mending my socks?

Mrs. Nosotti: Yes, I asked you.
(At this point some questions about a "Dr. D." are put, and answers given.)

Mr. Nosotti (resembling): Did you take part in my sketches entitled "True to His Trust" and "On the Sands," and do you remember walking off the stage in a temper?

Mrs. Nosotti (sweetly): No; I do not remember.

Mr. Nosotti: I was playing comedy and made a remark that amused the audience. Did you go into a towering rage and walk off?

Mrs. Nosotti (still more sweetly): No.

Question of a Wig.

The culminating point in the duologue is now about to be reached.

Mr. Nosotti: At University-street did we have quarrels?

Mrs. Nosotti: I was upset, and asked where you had been when you came in at two o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Nosotti: Did you fly at my throat and take your hair off and throw it at me—your wig, I mean?

Mrs. Nosotti (who possesses very pretty natural hair): No! I certainly did not!

Then the duologue contains questions and answers about a lady referred to as "M. L.," against whom, it was stated, no allegations were made. The curtain finally descends on Mrs. Nosotti giving her solemn word that letters addressed to her as "My Own Darling" were written before marriage.

Evidence was given that Mr. Nosotti could not be interperate, because he had to take part in dagger fights and dive off rostrums; and then the President, while absolving that gentleman from the imputation of being interperate, said that he must grant a decree nisi.

"BROKEN-HEARTED."

Life Not Worth Living When Love
Is Lost.

Before committing suicide by taking rat-poison, William Henry Hudgell, a young man of Bromley, E., wrote to his sweetheart in the following terms:—

Dear Flo,—I am writing you a few lines. God knows how I shall get on now I have lost your love. I cannot bear the thoughts of it. I thought you would be true. I am about to do away with my life for ever. I am fairly broken-hearted, forgive me for what I am going to do. By the time you read this I shall be ready to die. I did love you with all my heart. No one but you knows that I am going to do this. Good-bye for ever, may God bless you, dear Flo.—Your broken-hearted and loving Will.

To his family the young man sent the following message:—

Good-bye to all, and God bless you, dear Mother. The reason I am doing this is to end my miserable life. What with Flo parting from me, and not having any work, and then father turning on me like that, it makes me feel quite wretched and miserable. Give my love to all, hoping they won't feel the same as I felt. God forgive me for what I have done. Farewell! God bless you all! I hope Flo will take the letter into court, and oblige, yours, W. H.

Hudgell's father told the Poplar corner at the inquest yesterday that his son had lost regular work through absenting himself in order to go out with his sweetheart. The girl stated that she and her lover had frequent quarrels because of his jealousy.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

LOVE-SICK BARON'S GRAVE.

His Body, If Not Claimed, Will Be Buried
in the Dissenters' Corner.

No communication respecting the burial of Baron Rau von Holzhausen, who shot himself in the boudoir of Miss Gertrude Millar, had been received from Germany yesterday by the St. Pancras authorities, who have charge of the body.

In view of the verdict of Felo-de-se—literally, self-murder—the body cannot be buried in consecrated ground, nor can a Church service be held at the graveside.

If the body be not claimed, the burial expenses will be borne by the rates.

"We do not," said an official to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "adhere very strictly to the harsh rules imposed by the verdict of Felo-de-se. The body is buried in the Dissenters' corner of the cemetery, and the usual Nonconformist service is held over it."

Mr. Lionel Monckton told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he was waiting to hear the result of the efforts to communicate with the Baron's friends regarding the funeral.

BOUND WITH BARBED WIRE.

Lovers Found Tied Together in an Embrace
of Death.

Locked in each other's arms, and with their lower limbs fastened together with barbed wire, the bodies of a young girl and man were found in a pond near Fallowfield Athletic Grounds, Manchester, yesterday.

The girl has been identified as Gwendie McKay, Egerton-terrace, Stockport-road, Manchester, aged eighteen, who had been missing from her home for three weeks, and the man has not been identified, but is believed to have been employed on the railway at St. Helens.

INSANE NURSE.

Grim Night Scene in the Ward of a Brighton
Nursing Home.

A terrible crime was perpetrated at a nursing home in Round Hill-crescent, Brighton, yesterday. Dr. Helen Boyle, on going into one of the bedrooms, found that a nurse named Emily Cason had suddenly become insane. In the room was the dead body of an infant, whose throat had been cut.

Close by was a surgical knife, with which the act had been committed.

Cason and the child occupied the same bedroom, and the nurse, who has been removed to the infirmary, is supposed to have been seized with homicidal mania in the night.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PLANS.

Mr. Chamberlain yesterday denied the report that he intends to force a dissolution as soon as possible. "I have, however, never concealed my opinion in favour of early dissolution," he added.

HIDDEN WITNESSES.

Alleged Attempt to Blackmail Young
Millionaire at Hotel Cecil.

STRANGE DIARY.

Mr. John Hugh Smyth-Pigott, who is believed to be a millionaire, and is distantly connected with the Agapemonite of that name, appeared at Bow-street Police Court yesterday in support of an extraordinary charge of attempted blackmail.

Part of this strange case has already been told. The prosecutor is a young man to whom, while he was still an infant, a large fortune was left by his father. He is the head of a well-known Somersetshire family, his home is Brockley Court, Somerset, and he only recently came of age and obtained control of his fortune.

Stranger's Strange Story.

While he was staying at the Hotel Cecil-Malcolm Henry Campbell, a well-dressed young man living in Prince's-square, Bayswater, is alleged to have called and demanded money with menaces. Mr. Smyth-Pigott says that until that day he had never seen the prisoner.

Campbell called at the hotel again in response to a telegram sent by the police, and hidden detectives heard him ask for £30.

Yesterday the original accusation against the prisoner was added to. He was accused of stealing an overcoat belonging to the prosecutor.

Counsel for the prosecution yesterday read extracts from a diary found on the prisoner. They bore different dates, but counsel said he would show that they were all made on the day Campbell called upon Mr. Smyth-Pigott.

Some of the entries were:—

10 Oct.—Information received 6.45. Had suspicions watched from 7.30.
Wednesday, 11 Oct.—I call at Cecil to give information.

On the opposite page, said counsel, were entries purporting to show that prisoner had paid in salary from October 11 to 25 £30—the sum which he is charged with demanding.

Posing as Detective.

Other extraordinary entries in the diary were said to be: "Attempted to steal a watch" and "Planning a burglary."

A detective having said that a pawn ticket for the prosecutor's overcoat had been found in possession of Campbell, Mr. Smyth-Pigott, youthful and clean-shaven, stepped into the witness-box.

He said that the prisoner had called upon him representing himself to be a detective, who "knew everything about everything." He went on to say that Mr. Smyth-Pigott had been shadowed about the West End for several days by a well-known blackmailier, who had been in prison and would stick at nothing.

"To this I replied that I had nothing to be ashamed of, and was not a fit subject for blackmail," said Mr. Smyth-Pigott.

The prisoner retorted that prosecutor would not like men following him about, circulating stories at the hotel and among Mr. Smyth-Pigott's servants, and added, "If this man becomes obstreperous I can shut him up, but the best thing I think would be if you would give me the money to buy a ticket for Canada or Australia; then we can send him off, and not be troubled again."

Suggested Transportation.

Mr. Smyth-Pigott went down to Somerset and consulted his uncle, who is a solicitor. Then he communicated with Scotland Yard. A telegram summoning prisoner to the Hotel Cecil was sent, and detectives concealed themselves while Mr. Smyth-Pigott talked with Campbell.

The prisoner then told prosecutor that another man had joined the first blackmailier. That the two were at Brighton planning a burglary, and if they were caught the whole affair would blow over.

Then, referring to his diary, prisoner said he had paid out £30 in his attempts to defend Mr. Smyth-Pigott. At this stage the detectives came from their hiding-places, and Campbell was arrested.

FUNERAL OF MR. S. J. SUMMERS.

The funeral of Mr. S. J. Summers, the brilliant young editor of "Answers," and director of the Amalgamated Press, Limited, who died suddenly after a very short illness on Saturday, took place at Abner Park Cemetery, near Stoke Newington Station, yesterday.

THE CLOCK HAD STOPPED.

"The clock has stopped," said Mrs. Tillet, an aged woman, at Bromley, to the husband who was watching her sick-bed. Then she fell back and died.

At the inquest yesterday it was stated that the pair lived on 6s. a week parish relief, and the woman had practically died of want. Natural Causes was the verdict.

LORD MINTO SAILS TO-DAY.

New Viceroy Will Study Indian Questions on His Voyage.

Lord Minto, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, leaves Victoria at eleven o'clock this morning for Marseilles, where he will join a liner for Bombay. A crowd of notable people will be at the station.

No better idea of the importance of the duties entrusted to Lord Minto could be obtained than that conjured up by a perusal of the "Statistical Abstract Relating to British India," opportunely published as a Blue-book last night.

It contains the following, among other, figures:

Area (square miles)	1,768,000
Towns	2,410
Villages	728,600
Occupied Houses	55,841,315
Population	291,361,000
(Comprising 2,923,241 Christians, 207,147,028 Hindus and 62,438,077 Mohammedans)	
Widows	25,991,998
Languages	117
Police	157,789
Revenue	£83,756,155
Expenditure	£280,730,755
Debt	£133,045,843

Lord Minto is taking with him a large library of books upon India, which he will study during the voyage.

WHAT IS "CHAMPERTY?"

Unusual Law Case Regarding the Tenancy of
the Garrick Theatre.

An unusual case came before the Chancery Court yesterday. It was an action to set aside an agreement entered into by Mr. Henry T. Brickwell with Mr. George Edwards, of the Gaiety Theatre, and Mr. George Danvers, of the Garrick Theatre. "ChamPERTY" is in effect a speculation in litigation. The term applies to a case where a person who is himself too poor to support the costs of an action gets monetary assistance from another party, on the understanding that the latter shall have his due share of the proceeds in case of success.

The case had reference to a lease of the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Brickwell had brought an action against Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, and lost it, but the verdict was reversed by the House of Lords. Now, it was alleged that, not having the means to carry the case to the Lords, Mr. Brickwell had entered into the agreement complained of, under which, in case of successful issue, Messrs. Edwards and Danvers were to have Mr. Brickwell's interest in the Garrick Theatre upon the payment of £1,000.

The case stands adjourned.

ACTRESS'S PROTEST.

Mrs. Waller's Dislike of Curtain Advertisements Leads to a Lawsuit.

Some time ago Mrs. Lewis Waller, the well-known actress, caused a sensation by declining to act in a London theatre where advertisements were displayed on the drop curtain.

Her practical protest has resulted in a King's Bench Division action against her, brought by Mr. Robert Arthur, the equally well-known theatre proprietor and manager.

In connection with the case application was yesterday made to Mr. Justice Blackburn, asking for the hearing to be adjourned, as Mrs. Waller was away on tour.

The adjournment was opposed on the ground that it would inconvenience Mr. Arthur, who would shortly be busy in preparing Christmas pantomimes. It was decided to take Mrs. Waller's evidence on commission.

"CAB-RANK, PLEASE!"

Hansom's May Be Called by Telephone, but
Busy Men Should Whistle.

You can now call a cab by telephone. If you are in a hurry, however, you had better blow a whistle.

The G.P.O. telephone authorities have arranged to connect the cabmen's shelters with the telephone exchanges.

At present the subscriber must call up the exchange and say: "Cab-rank, please." The exchange asks what is the cab-rank nearest his house and then tells him the number.

The subscriber must ask to be "put on" the number, and then request that a cab be sent round to him.

By the time it arrives he might have got half-dozed by blowing a whistle at his door.

TRAFFIC BOARD FOR LONDON.

Next session the Government will, it is stated, introduce a Bill for the establishment of a Traffic Board for London on the lines recommended by the Royal Commission.

NEW ZEALANDERS WIN AGAIN.

Colonials Make Their Smallest
Score in the Rainstorm.

461 POINTS TO 15.

Another victory, the fourteenth in succession, has fallen to the New Zealanders; but their latest success can hardly be regarded in the light of a triumph.

In the end at Richmond yesterday the Colonials beat Surrey comfortably enough, and had much more of the play than the score—a goal and two tries to nothing—would indicate, but they did not walk over the county players in quite the same way they had done with some previous sides.

To a sense, indeed, the honours were with the Surrey men—judged individually and collectively they were admittedly the inferiors of their opponents, and everyone knew they had practically no chance of winning against a picked team of trained athletes and footballers. Indeed, it was doubted whether they would be able to make a good fight of it.

As it happened the Surrey fifteen put up a splendid defence, and had the satisfaction of running the Colonials more closely than any other side. Even Durham, the county champions, had their goal-line crossed four times, whereas only three tries were obtained against Surrey.

GOOD MEN ABSENT.

At the same time, in estimating Surrey's performance it is important to bear in mind two facts. Firstly, the New Zealanders did not put their best side into the field. The giant Cunningham, their crack "lock" man, Gallaher, the "winger," and Hunter and Wallace, of their back division, were all given a rest.

Secondly, and this was perhaps the more important fact, the conditions were all against heavy scoring and good football. A more miserable and unfortunate afternoon could hardly have been picked. It rained more or less all through, there was a heavy downpour during the interval, and the game finished in quite a deluge. It was simply a beastly, dripping wet, gloomy November day, and the weather quite spoiled everybody's enjoyment.

The turf itself was by no means bad, affording a fair foothold, but the ball was soon like a piece of wet soap, very difficult to handle. As is usual in such circumstances, the game practically resolved itself into a struggle between the forwards, and a series of rushes in which footwork was more effective than the handling of the ball.

SURREY'S GOOD FIGHT.

All things considered, however, the play was of tolerably good quality, and in the first half was extremely interesting. For the first forty minutes Surrey made a really brave struggle, and, like Devonport Albion before them, were only five points to the bad at the interval.

Usually the New Zealanders go off with a dash, but this time the Surrey men set the pace. They began in a very flattering manner, and looked like scoring in the first few minutes, while Raphael missed a fair chance of kicking a penalty goal.

After being rushed for ten minutes or so, the New Zealanders made the game even, and then gradually assumed the upper hand.

Still, twenty-five minutes elapsed before the first score came, Roberts being permitted to steal away from the base of the scrummage and score a soft try, which Gillett converted into a goal. Over this score Surrey were fairly caught napping.

The New Zealanders certainly should have added to their score before half-time, but their attacks were faultily conducted, the ball often being passed in a slow, jolting way, and frequently forward. Further, they were several times pulled up through infringements, Gillett, who played the rôle of winger, offending against the offside rule. Further, the Surrey tackling was extremely good, being prompt, keen, and in no way half-hearted.

A DEFENSIVE BATTLE.

Still, after the first quarter of an hour the chief question was when New Zealand would succeed in scoring. Surrey's strong point was of the negative order. Aided by many free kicks and their own good collaring and kicking, they staved off disaster for a long period, but they did not threaten danger to the other side.

They were fighting a defensive battle, and once the New Zealanders had scored one felt the game was over, even if they did not gain another point, for the simple reason that Surrey did not display any real scoring powers.

After half-time Surrey, as a positive quality, were done with. Their forwards were unable to maintain the previous high pressure, and did not hold together anything like as well in the scrummage. It was noticeable that the New Zealand forwards were able to break up the pack and control the play. Surrey struggled hard, never relaxing, but they were clearly done with.

So thoroughly were the New Zealanders the masters of the situation that during the second period they practically confined the play to the

(Continued on page 14.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

During his examination at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, Mr. Henry Hess, journalist, said he treated as a good debt a claim for £300,000 on the British Government, as the successors of the Transvaal Government, in respect of the suppression of his paper, "The Critic," at Johannesburg in 1886.

Tennyson's birthplace, Somersby House, Lincolnshire, has been sold by private treaty to Mr. M. Stamford, of the Old Hall, Longton, Lincolnshire, who also purchased the Somersby estates, comprising about 1,125 acres.

Nearly ten shillings and a bank-book showing a deposit of £3 10s. were found on a beggar named Charles Marsham, who was sentenced to a day's imprisonment at Marylebone yesterday.

Lord Strathcona and Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., gave evidence yesterday before Lord Tennyson's Agricultural Settlements Committee at the Colonial Office.

For robbing a fellow-lodger of £10, a constable in the Leicestershire County Police was sent to prison for four months at Loughborough yesterday.

Mme. Albani leaves England in February for Canada, where she will make a farewell tour in the land of her birth.

Mr. H. B. Midmay, a former sheriff of Devon, and father of Mr. F. B. Midmay, M.P., died yesterday at Totnes.

"I have lost three children in five weeks," said a woman named Sullivan at an inquest in Poplar yesterday.

Lord Dunedin and Mr. R. B. Hallane, M.P., were yesterday nominated for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. The election takes place on Saturday.

In the absence of Earl Spencer, Colonel Stopford Sackville, M.P., yesterday opened the new market buildings erected in Wellingborough, Northants, at a cost of £12,000.

To promote the purchase of forty acres at Ilford for public playing-fields, a meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

Lord Vernalm agreed in Mr. Justice Kennedy's court yesterday to pay Messrs. Rumball and Edwards, estate agents, St. Albans, £200 in settlement of an account for which they sued him.

Gold medalist of Lincoln College, Cambridge, and M.A. of Durham University, Gabriel Goltney, a porter at Durham Workhouse, who has just died, was a nephew of Sir Gabriel Goltney, formerly M.P. for Chippeauham.

A St. Helens jury yesterday returned a verdict of Self-Murder in the case of a glass-maker who died as the result of taking arsenic. The coroner said if juries generally were less sympathetic and returned similar verdicts it would do something to stop suicides.

Through fear of the defendants, an old farmer refused to give evidence in a charge of poaching at Grimsby. At last the magistrates committed him for seven days for contempt of court, but after fifteen minutes of the cells he changed his mind, gave testimony, and the sentence was remitted.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING AT BROMPTON.



Captain W. B. Mitford, Gordon Highlanders, who served in the South African war, 1899-1901, was yesterday married to—



—Miss Cecelia Vorda Gerard Walmeley, of Westwood House, Lancashire, at the Oratory, Brompton.

Thomas Humphreys, gamekeeper, of Smethcote, Shropshire, left estate worth £923.

Representatives of the various municipalities will meet in London on November 27 to discuss the subject of the importation of Canadian cattle.

On the ground of insufficient evidence, Alice Marion Parrington was acquitted at Skipton of a charge of having murdered her child fifteen years ago.

Prince Kropotkin, who has lived in exile in England since 1883, is now free to return to Russia, his decree of banishment having been cancelled by the Tsar.

Permission for the inmates of Aston (Birmingham) Workhouse to play cards has been withdrawn because it led to gambling and militated against proper discipline.

Hull's fishing fleet is to be increased by forty steam trawlers, now being built for Messrs. Hellyer. This will mean a daily supply of North Sea fish direct from the "fleets" to Hull.

Nottingham Guardians recently decided to purchase cheaper coal. But the alteration in quality has increased the consumption from thirty to forty tons weekly, and the bill has gone up nearly £17.

With a total strength of 1,302, the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) is, according to the latest return, the largest in the capital. During the year 830 recruits have joined the battalion.

Lord Cathcart's remains will be buried in the family vault at Thornton-le-Street Church, Yorkshire, on Saturday. His lordship was a well-known authority on agriculture, and was for ten years chairman of the quarter sessions, deputy-lieutenant and J.P. in the North Riding.

Kirk Alloway Churchyard, where Mrs. Tam O'Shanter "prophesied" that her too convivial spouse would be "catbited by warlocks if he mink," is being closed on account of overcrowding. There have been 2,000 burials there in 240 years.

Four thousand tons of rich ferro-manganese ore for use in the manufacture of a superior quality of steel have just reached Maryport from Bombay. This is the first shipment of iron ore that has ever been brought to England from India.

Dynamite has been suggested for the extermination of the dog-fish, which caused Cornish fishermen to lose £40,000 last season through attacks on their nets, but the ruling of the Sea Fisheries Commission is that this method is illegal.

With a view to encouraging his workmen's love of music, Sir John Brunner, Bart., M.P., chairman of Brunner, Mond, and Co., ironmasters, of Warrington and Sandbach, has appointed a musical director for their instruction.

Sir Savile Crossley, Paymaster-General, who has returned to town, has apparently so far recovered from his recent accident while playing polo, as to dispense with the crutch he was for some time compelled to use.

Losing control of her bicycle while riding down a steep hill near Wolsey Church, Leicester, Miss Moore collided with a cow. The animal's horns penetrated the young woman's skull, inflicting mortal injuries.

Special services in connection with Protestant Sunday, on November 5, will be held throughout the kingdom in churches of all denominations other than Roman Catholic.

Prince Christian reached Victoria from Berlin yesterday, and left town later for Windsor.

Yesterday being All Saints' Day, the Stock Exchange was closed. Our City article, therefore, does not appear.

PASSION FOR SPEED.

American Millionaire, of "Death's Valley" Falls a Victim.

MYSTERIOUS MILLIONS.

Walter Scott, the "Death Valley" millionaire, has fallen a victim to his craze for speed. To spend money faster than any other man in America, and to cover more ground in less time than any other man alive—these were his two ambitions. He has fulfilled both.

He started out on Monday with a journalist, a chauffeur, and a saloon-keeper, to run his 4,000 motor-car fifty miles in forty minutes. He was winning easily when one of the back tyres became detached, and the machine was split in a ditch. All the occupants were injured—"Scotty," as he was affectionately styled by a vast circle of acquaintances all over America, so severely that his recovery is doubtful.

The source of "Scotty's" vast wealth has never been accurately known. It was alleged that he had rediscovered the "Pepey" Gold Mine, one of the lost natural treasure-houses of California. He has been said that he shot several men who tried to "trail" him, but this he has always strenuously denied. That he has spent millions, and spent them royally, everyone knows, but where they come from no one has ever discovered.

LIKED RAILWAY RACING.

What butterflies, Cremona fiddles, snuff-boxes, and free libraries are to other millionaires, speed has been to "Scotty." He once offered the Santa Fe Railway Company a bet of twenty dollars a minute on a time journey. His terms were that he should hire a special train for £1,000, that the company should guarantee that it would cover the distance from New York to Chicago in about forty-eight hours, that he would pay twenty dollars for every minute under that time, or that the company should pay him the same amount for every minute in excess. The company declined the transaction.

The railway magistrates of the West were more complacent to the strange whim of the millionaire. "Scotty" succeeded in hiring a special to do the distance between Los Angeles and Chicago, a distance of 2,367 miles, in less than 54hr. 46min. He far exceeded all expectation by covering the track in 43hr. 55min., an average of fifty-one miles an hour.

"Scotty" has been prodigally generous with his money, and his eccentricities, though strongly marked, have generally been kindly. He spent thousands of dollars on a jewelled collar for a "yellow dog" (mongrel). His wife's dress bills have been prodigious, and paid without a murmur, though "Scotty" himself scored appearances, and has worn one shabby old suit for years.

GIANT CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

New Varieties at Crystal Palace: Bear Witness to the Ingenuity of Growers.

Chrysanthemums as big as a man's head were to be seen at the National Society's show, opened yesterday at the Crystal Palace.

Blooms half a yard round and from 16in. to 12in. in width and depth were frequent.

One of the new chrysanthemums, called Reginald Vullis, was of this description. It had long curly petals, and was of a rich purple colour. Magnificent, a mixture of crimson, gold, and bronze, was another new flower; and a white, tinted with mauve, "Marjorie Jefferies," was the third. All were shown by Martin Sibley, of Shanklin.

An entirely new chrysanthemum is of the tight ball-shaped variety, eau-de-nil green in colour, with the lowermost petals only white.

HUNTING FOR A PINERO.

Plays by Amateur Playwrights To Be Read by a Committee of Experts.

A very strong committee has been formed by the "Actor Illustrated," the magazine devoted to amateur actors. The committee has undertaken the task of examining plays written by authors whose work has not been produced, and the best play it can find will be played with a strong cast at a London theatre.

The committee is the very best that could have been selected. It consists of Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Frank Curzon, Mr. Kebble Howard, Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, and Mr. H. Chance Newton.

Plays will be considered that are sent in by November 30. All correspondence must be sent to the "Actor Illustrated," 11, Abchurch-lane, Strand, W.C., under conditions stated in the November number of the magazine.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 6d.; for six months, 15s. 6d.; for twelve months, 28s., payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Courts and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

SOME days it seems to us as if it could not be two whole years since that November Sunday night when the *Daily Mirror* came to birth.

Other days we think the length of time the paper has been in existence must be two centuries.

Such a lot of work has been crammed into those two years; such a lot of experience gained. Such a lot of changes have followed one another in rapid succession. That is what makes the time seem long.

So vividly do the early days of the paper still live in our memories. That is what makes the time seem short.

Perhaps you think the early days are not a pleasant memory. Well, they were disappointing. When you bring out a paper specially calculated to appeal to women, and you find that women won't have it at any price, it does make you feel tired.

And yet the supreme triumph of the *Daily Mirror* is that it first lived through those early days, and then lived them down.

If Port Arthur had been taken at the first assault, the credit of its capture would have been slight. It was the success of the Japanese besiegers after so many failures which made their achievement great.

If the *Daily Mirror* had advanced steadily from the beginning, its present position as the second in circulation amongst all the morning newspapers would not be reckoned nearly such a wonder as it is.

It is a bad thing to be proud, yet we cannot help feeling a little pride to-day. A new record has been established. A new kind of daily paper has been founded. While everybody was saying that no newspaper could print a daily budget of numerous photographs, illustrating the news of the hour, the *Daily Mirror* stepped in and did it.

Proud we feel, too, of our friends. Between the paper and its readers there exists a much warmer relation than is usual. Our post-bag contains every day letters written in the most appreciative, and even affectionate, strain.

This time last year we promised various improvements. That our promise has been fulfilled is clearly shown by the great increase in circulation.

But we don't mean to rest on our oars. Far from it. We are pulling hard all the time to keep the *Daily Mirror* in the front rank of the world's Press.

Always anxious to do better in every direction, always grateful for suggestions, always in search of the Best Pictures and the Best News, and the most attractive features, we begin our third year with confidence in our Destiny, and determination to give our readers even a better paper than they have had before.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.—*Shakespeare*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

AFTER much hesitation and many conflicting rumours, the publishers of Mr. Winston Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill" have been chosen at last. Messrs. Macmillan are to issue the book in January, and not Messrs. Longman, as was at first supposed. This will not actually be the first life of Lord Randolph, for Mr. T. H. S. Escott wrote one soon after his death, but it will be the first, no doubt, written from authoritative sources. The story ought to be of the greatest interest, even to those who are not particularly close students of politics, simply as the record of a strangely adventurous spirit—as the record of one, who, like Disraeli, regarded the world as an oyster ready for him to open.

Let us hope that Mr. Churchill, who is not usually afraid of saying what he thinks, will put the truth of his father's relations with the great men of his time into the book. If he does, he will show us Lord Randolph's opinion of his chief, Lord Salisbury, which was by no means favourable. He considered Lord Salisbury's influence as pernicious to the Conservative Party, and one who was with Lord Randolph in the Cabinet has often

failure. Can any humorist come out of Scotland? To answer that one has only to recall some of the many occasions on which Lord Young has confounded counsel, witnesses, or public by his dry and cheery comment upon their follies. One of his simplest "effects" was obtained some little time before his retirement last May, when to a counsel, who was wandering through a number of schedules, he called out, "Where are you now?" "I am at C., my lord," said the man. "So it seems!" retorted the Judge.

Another time an advocate in Lord Young's court pleaded eloquently for some swindler who had mingled philanthropy with his swindling, and reminded the Judge that those who gave to the poor lent to the Lord. "True," replied his lordship, "but I'm afraid we canna cash your mon's post obits in this court!" The Judge's wit goes with him into social intercourse, and there is no better after-dinner speaker than he. At a Dumfriess banquet given in his honour not so very long ago, he told a story about his youth, to the effect that his father had offered half-a-crown to the boy who would disclose the name of the culprit who had taken some apples from the family orchard. The

troubled the remains of other famous Frenchmen. There was Talleyrand, whose brain was discovered by a careless footman in a bowl upon the table where the body was being embalmed. The footman thought it an ugly sight and obligingly consigned it to the sewer! Talk, after that, about "stopping a hole to keep the wind away." Louis XVII's heart also wandered much after his release from life—wandered into a doctor's coat-pocket first, finally, after many changes, into the possession of a French family who still preserve it in a glass bottle. Rousseau and Voltaire are occasionally disturbed in their rest at the Pantheon in Paris, and poor Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. have been buried twice over, which is once too often.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE LAW FOR THE RICH.

May it be permitted to a lover of animals and an enthusiast for even-handed justice to add yet another expression of heartfelt thanks to the number already received by the *Daily Mirror* for its championship of the cause and the principle in question?

The case of the master of hounds does not stand alone as a sample of inequality in the treatment meted out to rich and poor. I enclose a report from the county of Essex showing the magistrate's view of a case of the grossest cruelty on the part of a man of education and of means. The defendant was sentenced to a month's hard labour for atrocious cruelty to a horse, at Thorpe Petty Sessions. This just sentence was, however, commuted on appeal to a fine and payment of costs.

The Cottage, Romford. M. F. CLIFTON.

Is cat-worrying more cruel than fox-worrying? A schoolboy was asked by the inspector to write an account of a fox-hunt. This he did, including the final scene; and he added: "This is very cruel, but they do it to exercise the horses." Workshop. E. L.

I am informed that the "gentleman" who committed the "crime" of cat-worrying is not a "Devonshire gentleman," and I would also like to say that your leading article expresses the feelings of all true Devonshire and English men that I have met. Barnstaple. A DEVONIAN.

RITUALISM IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In reply to your correspondent, "English Catholic," I beg to refer him to the 25th Section of Queen Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity (which should be prefixed in every complete book of Common Prayer), from which the so-called Ornament Rubric is extracted, where he will find that the rubric is governed by the words following—viz., "Until other order shall be therein taken."

Now, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (who certainly have a superior knowledge of these matters to "English Catholic") decided on February 23, 1871, that such order was taken when the advertisements of Queen Elizabeth were issued in 1560, and these advertisements make no reference whatever to copes, candles, or any other requisites of the Romish Mass.

I will grant, however, that according to "Canon 21" copes are allowable at the celebration of Holy Communion, at either a collegiate church or a cathedral.

Candles on the so-called altar, when not required for giving light, have been declared illegal by the Privy Council, as in the case of *Marin v. Makonochie*. Percy John Morgan. Bruce Grove, Tottenham.

LIVING WITHOUT WORKING.

While fully agreeing with the sound arguments and common sense of "H. H. F.'s" leading article on the Russell-square tragedy, there is one phrase used at which I feel bound to take exception.

Why, because the unfortunate and misguided Baron was in such a position as to be able to live without working, should he be designated, together with many hundreds of others so situated, as belonging to a "parasite class"? The term is extremely opprobrious, and, moreover, in the proper meaning of the word, highly unjust.

I myself work—at intervals—when so inclined, or when by so doing I feel I can accrue some advantage either intellectual or pecuniary. But, being in a position in which I am not dependent upon work for my livelihood, am I to consider myself a parasite excrecence upon the face of society? Hampstead. PULEX IRRITANS.

IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 1.—November is one of the busiest months in the gardening year. Cold and damp weather will now quickly cause flowers, stalks, and leaves to decay, and the work of removing these signs of winter's approach should be completed as soon as possible.

Then bulbs, plants, and the hardy roses must be placed in their flowering quarters without undue delay. Every bed will require a final weeding; lawns will have to be cut for the last time.

When all these operations have been performed, still shall be able to walk round the garden on some rainy, late-November day, with feelings of satisfaction and hope. E. F. T.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" TWO YEARS OLD TO-DAY.



The extraordinarily rapid success of the "Daily Mirror" has naturally astonished its contemporaries. Beginning as a ladies' paper with a circulation of between 200,000 and 300,000, it dropped after two months to a little over 20,000. Then it was transformed into a daily budget of news and photographs, and began at once to make tremendous strides. At the end of a year its circulation was 289,000. During its second year it reached 351,000. No wonder the other papers ask in amazement, "How is it done?"

told me how he could sometimes scarcely conceal his indifference with the late man's methods of transacting business. And what helped to keep him out of office after his resignation for so long was partly the wholesome dread which his more steady-going and less brilliant colleagues had of his very lively criticisms of them, and of his very unofficial manner at Cabinet meetings.

The story of his resignation has been told hundreds of times, and it is always said that he offended the late Queen by the rash way in which he took that fatal step. What really annoyed the Queen, however, was the fact that Lord Randolph announced his resignation to her on the note-paper of Windsor Castle, where he happened to be staying at the time. That was considered a breach of etiquette, and a schoolboy manner of doing things, and the Queen was exceedingly annoyed about it.

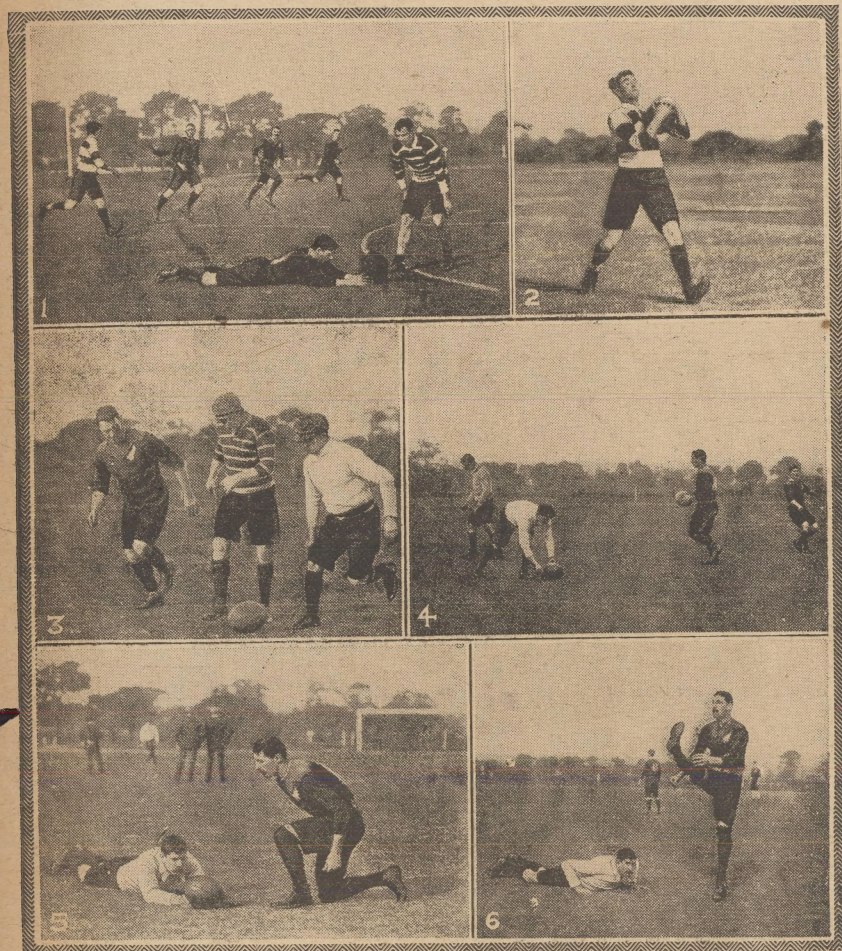
The meeting of the Glasgow Juridical Society, which was to have taken place last night, has been postponed, owing to the illness of Lord Young. He was to have delivered the opening address, and without him it was felt that the evening would be a

boy stipulated that the culprit should not be punished, then gave his name. At this point Lord Young turned to the Provost of the town, a learned-looking gentleman sitting in the chair behind him, and said, "What did you do with that half-crown?"

An amazing story about the heart of Louis XIV. is told in this week's "Truth." It is suggested there, on the authority of the late Colonel Harcourt, that the great monarch's heart is actually buried in Westminster Abbey, "enclosed in the body of an English Dean," who said it when it was in the possession of the Harcourt family. The Harcourts had received it from a French émigré, who in turn had stolen it when the bodies of the French kings were disinterred and dishonoured at the time of the Revolution. But how did the heart get into the body of the English Dean, Dr. Buckland, of Westminster? Why, the worthy gentleman happened to swallow it (for no particular reason) when it was brought out for his inspection!

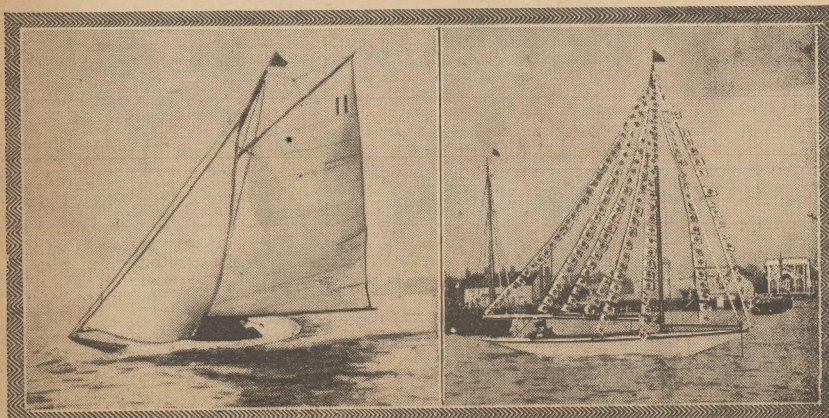
This wonderful legend of the great monarch's heart reminds one of the vicissitudes which have

The "ALL BLACKS" at Practice



The New Zealanders indulge in frequent practices, consequently they are much more "together" in their style of play than teams who can only meet together on Saturdays for matches. Hence their superiority. (1) Practising passing—in the foreground Smith placing the ball for Wallace; (2) Macgregor holding—a fair catch; (3) on the right, Duncan (the trainer), Corbett, and Newton practising dribbling; (4) "picking up" and "drop-kicking"; (5) Nicholson placing the ball for Gillett; and (6) after the kick. Excellent place-kicking is a feature of the New Zealand team.

RECORD PRIZE-WINNING YACHT.



My Lady Dainty, who, out of 206 starts, has won 180 prizes during eight seasons' racing. The photograph on the left shows her under full sail. On the right she is flying a flag for each of her 180 prizes. She is owned by Mr. S. N. Griffiths, and sailed by Mr. R. B. Robinson, secretary of the British Motor-Boat Club.

CAMER

FAREWELL BANQUET



Flashlight photograph of the farewell banquet given to Lord Minto. On his left is the Duke of Devonshire, on Lord Minto's right, Lord Roberts, Viscount

NEW YORK'S MORAL MAYOR.



Mr. G. B. McLellan, who strongly disapproves of Mr. G. B. Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," on moral grounds. Further performances of the play are prohibited.

QUEEN



Lady Mary Hamilton, the Queen of the Castle, in the richest headdress only daughter of

UNKISSED FLAUTIST.



Miss de Forest Anderson, who vowed she would never be kissed, as it would prevent her becoming a great flautist.



A pretty girl twin princess

A-GRAPH

INDIA'S NEW VICEROY.



Prince's Restaurant previous to his departure, to-day, to India, who presided. At the same table are also seated Lord Lansdowne, Lord Strathcona, and Lord Strathcona. — (Frédelle and Young.)

ARRAN.



who came of age yesterday at Brodick, Arran. She is the Duchess of Hamilton, and is the Duke of Hamilton. (etc.)

CANON MATURIN DEAD.



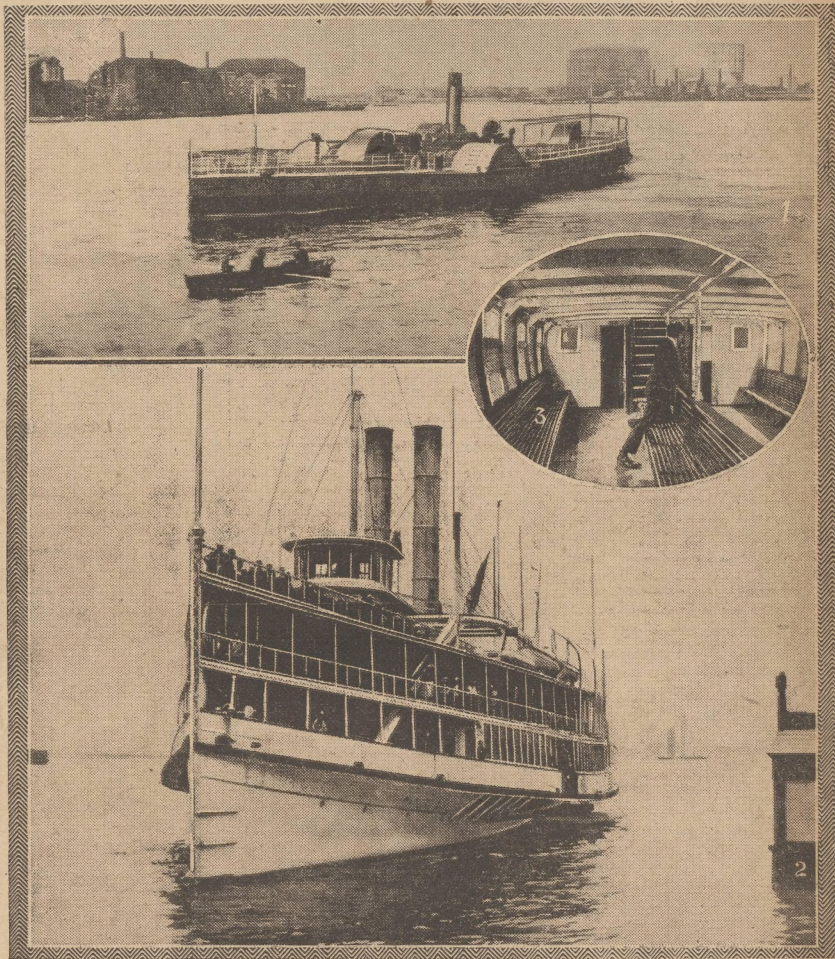
At the advanced age of ninety Canon Maturin, who has been vicar of Lymington, Hants, for fifty-two years, has just died. He performed his duties to the last.

CHARMING LITTLE PRINCES.



sons of Prince Frederic Charles of Hesse. In the centre are the Prince of Wales and Prince Christopher, flanked on either side by the twin Prince Philippe and Prince Wolfgang-Maurice. — (Voigt.)

Why L.C.C. PENNY STEAMERS DON'T PAY in the WINTER



The L.C.C. boats are not managed on commercial lines. There is no effort made to ensure comfort for passengers, no shelters, no warmth, no proper waiting-rooms at the piers. The result is that expenses are £2,000 a week and receipts £250. (1) Shows an L.C.C. steamer, cold, bare, and uncomfortable; (2) a luxurious American steamer, with every convenience for passengers; and (3) a cabin on board an L.C.C. steamer, which has the appearance of the interior of a casual ward.

ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.



Striking photograph of an accident that occurred with Lord Harrington's (South Notts) hounds. The unfortunate sportswoman is being carried off the field.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.
ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.
CLARE MAINWARING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balshaw loves. She became engaged to Ivor Armitage during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.
DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.
AN UNKNOWN LADY.
JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Ronald Carstairs.
MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

FOR NEW READERS.

A yellow fog was rolling over London distorting perspective and muffling sound. Reaching Pentonville Prison it wreathed itself about frowning portal and barred window, and made shadowy phantoms of the few people gathered round the ponderous gates, waiting for the daily quota of discharged prisoners.
 Detective-sergeant Vance stood in the group.
 A young woman, with a beautiful face and a splendid figure, hovered restlessly in the shadows of the wall. At last the wicket opened and a batch of prisoners tripped out. But none of them instantly riveted Vance's attention—Ronald Carstairs, ex-bank manager, who had completed his four years' penal servitude for embezzling £20,000.
 The man walked away. Vance followed; so did the beautiful young woman. Suddenly she sprang towards the man. He started back.
 "Rose King! Good God!" he cried.
 "Aye, Rose King, of Leicester," answered the woman. "I had to come and meet you. I couldn't wait."
 "Rose, I hoped that you had forgotten me long ago." "Forgotten you! You've been in my thoughts night and day."
 The man called a hansom, and the woman and he entered. Vance followed the cab on foot. The fog would only permit him to see the backs of the cab and the man, and the man got out alone, and the hansom crawled away.
 A woman, heavily veiled, came towards him, and the two stood talking. Presently the woman left him.

The hot-brain crept along the platform of Charing Cross Station.
 The wealthy Mr. Richard Balshaw, traveller and hunter of big game, just returned from a long absence abroad, alighted.
 Mr. John Pym, his private secretary, met him, and they entered a hansom.
 "Evening in order?" asked Balshaw.
 "I've done my best," answered Pym, nervously. "But do you know who I saw in London yesterday?—Rose King."
 "I know. She was waiting for me outside Pentonville this morning."
 But Balshaw made no reply. His eyes dilated suddenly as if readjusting their focus. With a start he dropped back quietly among the cushions. The strong face was grey beneath its bronze.
 "John," he whispered, throatily, "there she is—on the pavement—and that fellow with her shadowed me this morning after I came out!"
 Richard Balshaw, alias Ronald Carstairs, is invited by a Mrs. Wilbraham to Foster's, Leicester. There he meets Clare Mainwaring, a young girl whom he loves. She has become engaged to Ivor Armitage during Balshaw's supposed absence. Mrs. Wilbraham, as the veiled woman he met at King's Cross on his release from prison. The appointment had been made to deliver a message from a fellow-convict.
 Mrs. Wilbraham, too, is almost convinced that Balshaw is the discharged prisoner who brought her message from jail.

CHAPTER VI. (continued.)

Mrs. Wilbraham followed up her thrust with a searching glance. Was he, or was he not, the discharged prisoner who had delivered her a message from Parkhurst Gaol?
 Balshaw met her gaze with perfect sangfroid; then laughed, his lower lip, ever well-lubed, laugh. The note of interrogation in the fair woman's anxious eyes deepened. Her sharp thrust had not so much as produced a flicker of the eyelids. He was baffling her, plunging her more deeply into doubt; and he was aware of the fact.
 How long he could hold her suspended in her present state of doubt he did not know, but the longer the better. He wanted breathing-time, time to think. The services of John Pym, slave of the lamp, must be employed immediately. Put one end of a tangled skein in Pym's hand, and the man of warped brain and fine poetic feeling, and druggery and dog-like fidelity, could be trusted to unravel it. What was the link between Mrs. Le Wilbraham and Burke Foskett, undergoing a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for a "long-firm" swindle, and now lying grievously sick in a prison infirmary? This was the question that Pym must answer.
 Then, despite the tension of the moment and the need of concentration on the woman beside him, Balshaw's eyes and thoughts wandered to Clare Mainwaring. A gushing woman was wringing her hands, and evidently congratulating her on her engagement. The slight sting him and fired him. For a moment he was completely detached, but a touch on his arm recalled him. Mrs. Wilbraham's hand rested on his sleeve, almost caressingly.
 "I hope there sort of functions don't bore you," she said, her voice lowered for his ears alone. "I dislike submitting my guests to ordeals. I wish them to please themselves—do just as they like! That always seems to me to be the secret of true hospitality." But I am afraid you will have to submit to being lionised to-night."
 There was a softer note in her voice, half-caressing, half-pleading. Her hand, still resting on his arm, nervy arm, tightened with a subtle, father

thrilling pressure that might almost have been interpreted as suggesting something more than friendship.

It was the man's turn to be puzzled. Had his bravado completely deceived her and dispelled her doubts, or was she changing her tactics? Had it suddenly occurred to her to insure against future contingencies by infatigating him?
 Balshaw was a man of flesh and blood and fire, and the fascinating, red-lipped woman was superabundantly endowed with the charms and lures of her sex; but as his eyes wandered again to Clare Mainwaring, he laughed ironically in his soul. The woman followed the trend of his eyes.

"I am quite sorry for you," she said, with a little drooping of her lips at the corners that expressed amused pity; "and I would really much rather keep you to myself and continue our tête-à-tête; but I must introduce you to people. But let me give you one word of warning. Beware of Colonel Mapperley! He's a great traveller."

She hesitated for a moment. She had spoken laughingly; but she was watching him searchingly from under her sweeping eyelashes.

"Why beware of Colonel Mapperley?" he questioned, with seeming quiet amusement.

"He's a great traveller—and a still greater bore! If he once buttonholes you, you won't get a word in edgeways; and you will listen to tiger stories for the rest of the evening. He is endowed with a brilliant imagination."

"Such men are sometimes blessings in disguise," he said, an amused twinkle in his steady eyes. "They relieve one of the necessity of talking of one's self."

He glanced at her. Was her reference to Colonel Mapperley a probe, or a warning? Was she still mystified, and searching for a weak spot in his armour? It was his turn to be mystified.

A moment later he was being introduced to men and women, right and left. He had passed from ordeal to ordeal; yet he was conscious of Clare Mainwaring, as she stood some distance away, conversing with a tall, fair, shallow-eyed man, faultlessly featured, and faultlessly dressed—in Ivor Armitage. The sight momentarily distracted him from the problem of his hostess and from Colonel Mapperley, who had already buttonholed him.

"You know India, of course, Mr. Balshaw?" the colonel was saying. He was a peppery, fiery-faced little man, with a tremendous capacity for whisky-pegs. "What parts? By heaven, sir! I don't suppose you can name a place unknown to me! Twenty years, sir, and in that time I shot, hunted, and stuck everything from Dacots to pigs. Begad, sir, my first tiger! I was guest of the Gackwar of Maroda! It's only by a merciful dispensation of Providence that I'm alive to tell the story!"

Balshaw appeared deeply interested. Instead of questioning him on his knowledge of India, Colonel Mapperley, for a short time, cut short by the announcement that dinner was served. Men glanced impatiently at the verbose colonel. His yarns were proverbial. While he was monopolising the conversation, the man, really worth listening to, was silent. And Fate, who loves an irony, grinned. Balshaw was the most audacious lie in the great room. Mrs. Wilbraham glided up to him.

"Some men," she said, smilingly, paraphrasing the words that Shakespeare puts into Gratiano's mouth, "are only counted wise through being silent, who, if they should open their lips—"
 "Would give themselves away," retorted Balshaw, laughing quietly. "Like our friend, the gallant colonel!"

He played with his upturned, coarse-fibred mustache. He had brushed aside the shaft directed at himself. He fixed his cool eyes on his hostess. Her colour heightened. The red fire in her eyes flashed, half-nervously, half-defiantly.

"I want you to take Miss Mainwaring to dinner," she said quickly, and glided away to assort others of her guests.

The stereotyped smile still played round her lips, but her jewelled hands were working. Was he, or was he not? At one moment she hated him for the terror he was causing her; at another, whether he was or was not the messenger from her poor, pathetic incubus in prison, whether he realised or did not that she was the woman whom he met in the fog, she felt irresistibly drawn towards the man. A surge of bewildering emotions swept her. He was talking now to Clare Mainwaring, and somehow the sight offended Mrs. Wilbraham. It flashed upon her painfully that she was a woman of forty, and Clare twenty-two.

"This is a great privilege," said Balshaw, as Ivor Armitage, having bowed distantly, moved away. The two men had been introduced, four years previously.

There was a shadow of contempt on Balshaw's features as his eyes momentarily followed the tall, fair young man, shallow-eyed and blasé, whose features and dress irritated by reason of their faultlessness.
 Clare's agitation as she took Balshaw's arm was not betrayed by her expression. It was cold; her pride was in rebellion against the thrill that his voice stirred within her. She had told herself a hundred times that her girlish infatuation was a thing of the past; that the bitter humiliation and heartache, when her letters remained unanswered, were but schoolgirl emotions. Yet now that he had returned, he had awakened something that was more than an echo of what she had believed dead.

(Continued on page 11.)

NAUSEA AFTER EATING.

AN ESSEX WOMAN TELLS WHAT SHE
ENDURED FROM SEVERE

INDIGESTION

AND HOW QUICKLY AND COMPLETELY
MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP
CURED HER.

"For many years while suffering from indigestion I tried various preparations suggested to me by friends, but without good result. I felt weak and low, with a distaste for food, which at times amounted to nausea—making me quite sick after eating. I had pains in the chest and back, and slept so little that I used to get up tired every morning. But my worst torture was headache, so agonizing as to make me absolutely helpless for the time. This went on year after year, sometimes a trifle easier, then bad as ever again, till about two years ago, when I became very ill and began to throw up blood. The doctor said I was suffering from ulcerated stomach and had burst a blood-vessel. He prescribed for me and for some time I was under his care, but he did not relieve my indigestion. When everything had failed I began using Mother Seigel's Syrup. I soon felt better; the pains left me; I could eat without fear, and I steadily gained strength. I am now as well as ever in my life." Mrs. Eliza Slowgrove, 31, Dean Street, Brightlingsea, Essex.

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The G.P.O. have arranged with the Cabmen's Shelter Fund to connect the shelters with the telephone exchange. Already eight shelters are connected, a boon to public and cabmen alike.

GUEST OF AMERICA.



Prince Louis of Battenberg, in command of the British cruiser squadron, who is being entertained and feted for the next fortnight in American waters.—(Vandyk.)

TO VICTIMS OF MENTAL DEPRESSION

The Cause, Nature, and Correct Treatment of this Distressing Trouble.

The symptoms of mental depression are only too familiar to men and women engaged in business, the professions, teaching, journalism, and those who have embraced an artistic career. No description can paint in sufficiently strong colors the acute suffering it inflicts on its victims. The mind is filled with gloomy forebodings, with vague, morbid sentiments of coming trouble, and there is a general feeling that everything is wrong and will not come right. Under such circumstances your daily daily lay a burden upon you which is almost insupportable, and you lack that energy and power of concentration which constitute the true requirement of success. In addition, your chest becomes oppressed, your nerves are exhausted, your lack of full power and vitality will all serve to depress your spirits, and rob you yet more of your normal ability and smartness.

SENSIBLE ADVICE

No wiser advice can be given to you than that you should go to the root of things. If you discover the cause of your trouble the remedy is likely to be effective and adequate, but if you merely deal with symptoms the probability is that at most you will only alleviate these without doing real or permanent good. Get right down to the cause of mental depression, and you will then learn how to remove it, and how to keep in perfect health afterwards.



REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM

This is the keynote to the successful treatment of mental depression. If your nervous system is thoroughly restored and once again made healthy and vigorous, the effects of mental depression will lift, and you will feel ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Tonics have been prepared for this very purpose. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will do for you just what you want. Bishop's Tonics do two things. First, they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn out, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and you thus get a double benefit.

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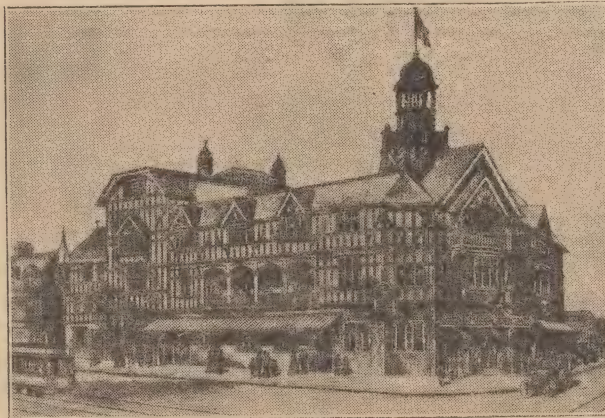
to commence the Bishop's Tonic treatment. Therefore send for a vial, which will be sent for 1s. 1d. post free, within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., from Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d. With every package is enclosed a leaflet on "Nervous Disorders," and Alfred Bishop (Ltd.) are always pleased to supply any further information readers would like to have.

G.P.O. CHIEF RETIRING.



Mr. E. Trenam, I.S.O., who is relinquishing the Controlship of the Central Telegraph Office.

PROPOSED HIPPODROME FOR KINGSTON.



Magnificent building to be erected in Kingston-on-Thames at a cost of £23,000. It will accommodate 1,200 persons. One of the features will be an open-air balcony.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 10.)

The girl's hero is frequently a source of amusement and sometimes shame to the woman. But with Clare, this was not so. Though there was a background of reserve that was curiously fascinating because it baffled her, she seemed better able to understand the man's quiet strength and intensity. Neither repugnance nor distrust was responsible for the slight feeling of fear with which he inspired her. It was his compelling strength. And, as well as strength, she realised the existence of fire and soul. They had both flashed out at her when they were alone, and he had all but wrung from her an admission that her betrothal was loveless and abhorrent to her. The memory of the scene was bitten deep in her heart, and she had found herself speculating on what might have been, if her letters had reached him and been answered.

But the past was irrevocable. And had she been free from her present degrading contract, free to take up the broken thread, would it have been the same, quite? She did not know. Women cannot always read their own hearts aright. But this much she knew. This man's return had awakened echoes, and filled her with restlessness and a sense of dull pain. But she possessed pride. It was written on her finely-moulded features, giving a little curve to the red lips and an arch to the delicately-pencilled brows. It was pride of a kind that sometimes crushes first natural impulses, and drives one way when the heart would lead another. Pride and shame, twin sisters these, had forced her to accept Ivor Armitage's offer of marriage.

"You have come straight from Central Africa?" she said, feeling the necessity of breaking the strange silence that kept them company as they crossed the hall.

"Not quite," replied Balshaw. "I landed at Bordeaux and spent a few weeks in Southern France. I have a fondness for old chateaux, cathedrals."

He was on surer ground now. Together they passed into the subdued glow and glitter of the great dining-room.

"Of course, you know Palestine—Jerusalem," said Balshaw's neighbour at table, half-way through dinner, turning from her partner, who was silently crumbing bread. Conversation had lulled for a moment.

"Oh, yes," was the quiet answer; "tolerably well."

Roland Carstairs had done Palestine under the guidance of a man from Cook's, and had read Farrar's "Life of Christ." Balshaw was on safe ground. He spoke well and with quiet effect. A gradual hush fell over the table. It was partly Farrar paraphrased, partly his own personal experiences when he followed "the man from Cook's." Nevertheless, it was singularly effective. He knew the danger of over-colouring. Once, despite the tension and the knowledge that the fair, smiling woman at the head of the table was watching and trying to read him, he felt suddenly tempted to laugh. The comic irony of the situation had unaccountably intruded itself. But he was truly thankful when Colonel Mapperley, apropos of nothing, introduced India and tigers.

He turned to Clare. A moment before he had been hugely tempted to laugh. Now a wave of shame swept him. Her fine eyes were bright with interest that he had awakened. He felt a miserable, tawdry charlatan.

"Please tell me more," she said, quite eagerly. "I can almost see the places you describe."

There was nothing to be done but continue; but he felt ashamed of himself, little, contemptible. Again, quite against his will, he became the central figure. Colonel Mapperley lost his audience. Men and women wanted to listen to Balshaw. And then, for all his iron will, a nervousness began to take possession of him. He felt himself to be pitted against every man and woman at the table. He could feel Mrs. Wilbraham's eyes on him. He was sub-conscious of Ivor Armitage, who was eyeing him with a certain air of cold hostility and disapproval. He felt somehow that the man was waiting and watching for him to make some slip. When he would have ceased, someone asked him a question, and he was compelled to continue.

(Continued on page 13.)

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For, before, the whole day
She'd be scrubbing away;
Now, her washing is over by noon.

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The number of Births registered	(1902 was 289,361
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RECIPES FOR
THE HOUSEWIFE.HOW APPLES CAN BEST BE MADE
APPETISING.

APPLES A LA DELINE.

INGREDIENTS—Six large apples, two tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a pint of stale cake-crumbs, one egg, one tablespoonful of jam, half a gill of fruit syrup.

Peel and core the apples without cutting them. Put them in a covered pie-dish with a little water, and cook them gently till they are nearly done. Let them get cold, then dip each apple in equal quantities of flour and castor sugar, mixed together with the cinnamon. Beat up the eggs and brush each apple with some of it, then cover it with cake-crumbs. Fry them a golden-brown in boiling fat. Drain them on paper and fill the centre of each with a little jam. Serve them with any kind of fruit syrups, and, if liked, a little whipped cream on the top of each.

APPLE AMBER.

INGREDIENTS—Two pounds of apples, three ounces of Demerara sugar, the rind of one lemon, three eggs, one ounce of castor sugar, quarter of a pound of pastry.

Peel, core, and slice the apples and put them in a saucepan with the sugar and grated rind of a lemon. Let them stew gently till they are tender, then rub them through a sieve. Roll out the pastry and lay a strip of it round the top of a pie-dish—having first brushed the dish with a little water. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat up the yolks, then add them to the apple pulp. Pour this mixture into the dish, and ornament the border of the pastry with little stars of pastry, which should be brushed with water before being placed on. Bake the sweet in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth. Heap it up roughly over the top of the pudding, and sprinkle it as you do so with castor sugar. Decorate it with a few glacé cherries. Put it in a cool oven till the meringue is set and just slightly tinted.

REVEALED BY THE PROFILE.

HOW TO DETECT YOUR FRIEND'S
CHARACTER.

People who declare they can read a woman's character by her profile base their deductions upon data such as these: The sharp-nosed woman may be good and conscientious, but she is apt to have fads, whereas the pug-nosed one is of quite a different type, for she looks at life in an easy way; and is a very happy-go-lucky individual. If the worst comes to the worst with the pug-nosed woman she smiles, cheers up, and comforts those about her, for she is most contented and happy in her disposition.

The fearful type of woman is the one with the regular nose. Her profile is lovely, but she is slightly imperious in manner, though at the same time sensitive, and is very much inclined to tears. Her regular profile shows the artistic, sensitive temperament, and the nature that hangs upon trifles. Hers is a disposition that is made up of small things.

The girl whose nose is slightly Roman in shape, with a little lump at the bridge, it can spend money to the very best advantage. She is not generally a very affectionate person, and is not demonstrative.

The best profile is the irregular one, with the round chin, the nose regular, but not very pronounced, the forehead wide and low, and the eyes big and bright. This profile belongs to a cheerful, sweet-tempered individual, and there is generally wit behind the pretty forehead.

The possession of a sharp chin is to be shunned by the man who desires to be master in his own house. It means that the woman has a will of her own, and knows exactly what she wants to do and

does it. She believes that a woman should be the head of the house, and in short loves to rule. The capable woman, one who can earn a living if need be, is the woman whose profile shows a long upper lip. She will not have much fun in her, but she is of a serious nature, but she is very reliable. She can do anything under the sun, and do it well.

The woman with a long upper lip is the kind of creature who is generous and single-hearted, and loves to make a man happy.



A very smart hat of the latest Marquis shape is sketched above, made of hunter's-green felt, with a sash of pale brown panne round the crown, and at one side a cluster of pheasant tail feathers. On the right observe a seasonable toilette of aubergine cloth and velvet, bordered with mink, and made with a tunic laced up at the sides.

FASHIONABLE BOUQUETS.

The most popular bridal bouquet of the winter will be composed of lilies of the valley and white orchids. The pure white orchid is not always easy to get, and is by no means inexpensive, but as it is very lovely, and, as bridegrooms are usually most lavish in their expenditure for this purpose, it will be sought far and wide.

Chrysanthemums always have a great vogue in November for bridesmaids' bouquets, particularly if the flower is made a feature of the church decorations; but, owing to the many new varieties of roses and the wonderful diversity of their colour, it is predicted that the prevalent bridesmaids' flower will this winter be roses. The variety in the shades of pink roses alone is really remarkable.

BABY CLOTHES.

A great deal of embroidery is now lavished upon the small frocks intended for babies, and, of course, it is handwork that is most approved.

Cashmere is a very popular material for the baby's coat, but for extra warmth they are made in the winter of satin sheeting, or for older children of velvet, Pyrenean wool, or other light-weight cosy fabrics.

Caps are generally added to match the coat or pelisse, with a border of fur round to give them a finishing touch and to match the fur on the coat. As well as miniver, grebe is a very smart addition to a coat and cap or bonnet.

Pillow-slips for the perambulator should open at the back, instead of at the ends. Many varieties are seen, from the plain little ones trimmed with only a cluster of fine tucks running across each



side, to the heart-shaped pieces of beauty, embroidered in tiny fine patterns.

Bibs for dress wear are made of the finest lawn or muslin, or even of handkerchief linen trimmed with fine embroidery or with the narrowest of real Valenciennes insertion.

French knots and briar stitching, made to follow regular patterns, make the daintiest kind of inexpensive trimming for infants' dresses and for the finer sort of bibs.

Baby veils are most often made of net, edged with lace and with a plain little hem, exquisitely stitched. The French fashion is to have them very long, as long as the baby, but shorter veils are far more satisfactory. Many Spartan mothers let their babies only wear veils as ornaments, and never as face coverings.

"I say, Mr. Balshaw," he said in a cold, blasé voice, "I suppose if a fellow were on one of Cook's or Gaze's cheap excursion trips to—er—Palestine, he would pick up quite a passable knowledge of the district?"

A dead silence followed the words. The insinuation, amounting to an insult, was obvious. It was a breach of good manners, almost inexplicable in a man of Armatage's breeding. A rustle from the head of the table betrayed the hostess's uneasiness and displeasure.

If Ivor Armatage had not impugned his veracity, he had insinuated that Balshaw was posing as an authority on superficial knowledge gleaned from some excursion trip organised by a popular touring agency. In more impetuous France such a speech would have probably resulted in a "scene" on the spot and a duel to follow.

All eyes were on the man who had been challenged across the dinner-table. The silence that heralded his reply evidenced a positive state of suspense.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

We all know the person who isn't going to change his ways for any of these "new-fangled notions." "What was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him!" Sometimes we wonder why he doesn't travel as his grandfathers did—in a stage coach instead of a luxuriously-appointed carriage—but, there, that's quite another thing! It is fortunate, however, that this type is rare; the majority of people nowadays readily welcome any discovery which increases their comfort and happiness. To this latter class, and to the fair sex generally, Icilma will directly appeal, for it is a discovery which revolutionises the modern toilet, yet it is as old as the hills it lies under; it is only the finding of it which has been delayed. Icilma is nothing more or less than Nature's own prescription for the care of the skin and complexion. In these days the smoke and grime of the city, the effects of cold and heat, and the anything but ideal conditions under which we live, make it difficult to retain a clean and healthy skin. Nature has arranged to put that all right, and Icilma Natural Water is the means she has chosen for the purpose. The curious mixture of natural salts contained in it possesses marvellous cleansing and healing powers. They act directly on the skin and thoroughly cleanse the pores; this is the first step towards a clear complexion, for if the pores are clogged blackheads and other troubles appear. Again, Icilma soothes the skin and makes it soft and clear and able to withstand exposure to all weathers; that is a most valuable feature, for we all know that appearance of being brushed the wrong way which a cold wind gives to a delicate skin. Thirdly, Icilma cures nettle-rash, cuts, wounds, bruises, and burns, like magic, reduces the swelling, and prevents scars or discoloration. Icilma is Nature's specific for tired, weak, or sore eyelids. From this we can see that Nature has done her work thoroughly, and has provided a perfect skin tonic.

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THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 11.)

From Jerusalem to Jaffa, Jaffa to Gaza, Gaza to Damascus. He was still on familiar ground; but, at any moment, he might be drawn into the unknown. His feelings were those of a man with his back to a wall, fighting odds, never quite knowing where the next blow would come from. It was like playing a desperate game of "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Once drawn out of his province, he might be caught. His brain was working dually. He was painfully conscious of Clare Mainwaring's presence at his elbow, the lodestone that had drawn him into this hornet's nest; yet, at the same time, the intuitive knowledge that she was his most wrapt listener spurred him to greater effort, and gave him a desperate kind of steadiness. Somehow he felt that he was fighting for her as well as himself, and that his garble of a book, himself, and a guide, was interesting and drawing her closer to him.

"Did you get to Bagdad?" The question came from Colonel Mapperley.

The affirmative slipped from Balshaw's lips before he had time to check it.

He was outside his province; but the colonel saved him. Having obtained his opening, the gallant and imaginative soldier continued. Balshaw leant back in his chair with the air of a man who had done more than his fair share of the talking. The note of anxious interrogation in Mrs. Wilbraham's eyes had deepened.

Ivor Armatage glanced cold hostility across the table at Balshaw. He had never been quite satisfied with the man's credentials, and he had never forgiven him for having once monopolised and infuriated the girl who was his betrothed-to-day. He had been coldly annoyed when he learnt that Mrs. Wilbraham had invited Balshaw to Postern Abbey. It was bad form on her part. She was acquainted with Clare's former infatuation.

Colonel Mapperley paused for breath. Ivor Armatage bent across the table.



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